The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1914.

Summary of the News

The week has been a quiet one so far as any new political developments in the European situation have been concerned. Even the rumors concerning Italy's intentions have simmered down to the somewhat vague suggestion that she is waiting till the spring before declaring herself, presumably on the side of the Allies, the idea being that there is little chance of the issue of the war being decided in the near future, and that Italy, therefore, though delaying a few months, will still have ample time to enter the fight without her participation savoring too much of eleventh-hour opportunism. The suggestion hardly seems to do justice to the apparently sincere efforts which Italian statesmen have made to preserve the neutrality of their country. Among the Balkan states the decision for peace or war appears, for the present at any rate, to rest with Bulgaria, who so far has exhibited no intention except that of observing absolute neutrality.

The question that arose out of the firing on the Tennessee's launch by Turkish authorities in the harbor of Smyrna has been officially declared to be closed. According to a statement issued by Secretary of State Bryan on November 27, the Turkish Minister of War reported that two blank shots were first fired to warn the launch that it was headed straight for a mine, and that the third shot was only fired "in another direction from that of the launch" to prevent the helmsman of the launch from holding his course. Great regret was expressed by the commander of Smyrna that "such an obligation was presented to the sentinel of the port, which he attributes to the indifference of the helmsman of the launch."

According to dispatches from Washington on Friday of last week, it has become known that some two months ago the President communicated unofficially to the diplomatic representatives of the United States in the belligerent countries of Europe his disapproval of attacks by bombs from aircraft dropped on unfortified cities occupied by noncombatants. Except that the President was careful not to take up the matter officially through the State Department, it is stated that nothing of a more definite character is known of the matter.

The situation in Egypt, so far as can be ascertained by dispatches, has not been seriously affected by the Sultan's declaration of a "holy war," or by the fulminations of the Khedive and his declared intention of assisting to lead the Ottoman army of invasion into the country of which he has been the nominal ruler. Meanwhile it has been reported, but not confirmed, that Great Britain contemplates appointing a new Khedive in the person of Hussein Kemal, son of Ismail Pasha, who was Khedive from 1865 to 1879, and uncle of the present Khedive.

If a dispatch published by the Paris *Temps* is correct, Belgium may not regret that she failed to take advantage of the opportunity to turn a dishonest penny by according the German host a welcome passage through her neutral territory. According to the *Temps*, Germany has paid to the Duchy of Luxemburg the princely sum of $37,500 as compensation for the violation of its neutrality. The amount of this damage has presumably been assessed by the German military commission which was recently appointed for the purpose.

Myron T. Herrick, United States Ambassador to France, who is retiring in favor of William Graves Sharp, and whose term had already been prolonged in consideration of the European situation, left Paris last Saturday. The retiring Ambassador and Mrs. Herrick were the recipients of many tokens of appreciation of the services they have performed since the outbreak of the war.

An interesting proposal for the creation of neutral zones in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is understood to have been made to Washington last week by representatives of various Latin-American countries, the object of the proposal being to safeguard the trade of Pan-American countries with one another. Owing to the difficulty of inducing all of the belligerent nations to agree to any such suggestion, it appears extremely improbable that the question will advance beyond the academic stage of discussion.

According to the report of Chandler Hale, of the American Embassy in London, who has investigated conditions at the detention camp for German prisoners on the Isle of Man, the recent riot there, which resulted in the deaths of five of the prisoners, was the fault not of the guards, but of the prisoners themselves. Mr. Hale found the detention camp well equipped in every way. His report will be forwarded to Berlin, where the incident occasioned much bitterness.

Subscriptions to the French loan have apparently come in at a rate that is regarded as eminently satisfactory, the aggregate subscribed, including the original Treasury notes put out, which were renewed on expiration, having amounted to more than 1,000,000,000 francs. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* declares that "as the Council of State had only authorized a total of 940,000,000 francs, application has been made to increase this total to 1,400,000,000 francs, for all indications point to this amount being easily reached within a week or two."

President Wilson on Sunday issued a statement dealing with the strike situation in Colorado, in which, in commenting on the continuance of the present state of affairs, he referred to the refusal of the mine owners to accept the plan of temporary settlement which he had already suggested, and which had been approved by the employees. The President declares, therefore, that he has decided "to appoint the commission contemplated in the plan of temporary settlement, notwithstanding the rejection of that plan by the mine operators." The commission is to consist of the Hon. Seth Low, of New York; Charles W. Mills, of Philadelphia, and Patrick Gilday, of Clearfield, Penn.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company gave notice on November 29 that on January 1 passenger rates would be raised on all its lines to two and one-half cents a mile.

The arbitration of the differences over wages and hours of employment of ninety-eight Western railways and their enginemen began in Chicago on Monday before a board of arbitrators appointed under the Newlands act.

The New York Stock Exchange was reopened on Saturday of last week for trading in bonds, after having been closed since July 30. Business since the reopening has been conducted quietly, and there has been no sign of the heavy liquidation which it was feared in some quarters might ensue. The Philadelphia Stock Exchange was reopened on Monday. There, too, trading was quiet and normal.

Dispatches from Athens have announced that a serious earthquake in which twenty-three persons were killed and others injured occurred on November 27 in western Greece and the Ionian Islands.

Conditions in Mexico can hardly be termed encouraging. President Wilson, in his weekly conference with the Washington correspondents on Tuesday, warned them that there were many persons in Mexico, as well as in the United States, who were interested in giving out false reports concerning the situation, with a view to stirring up trouble. That is doubtless the case, but the variety and conflicting nature of the reports that are published day by day would indicate rather that some ingenious person is interested in writing an extravaganza, with the distracted southern republic as its setting. The report, for instance, that Gonzales has set himself up as a third Provisional President may probably be regarded as the creation of some correspondent whose whimsical fancy has got the better of his veracity. Meanwhile, all that we can be certain of is that Carranza, who appears to have exhibited throughout an almost incredible combination of weakness and vanity, has retired in dudgeon to Vera Cruz, which he says is the temporary capital of Mexico, and from there amuses himself issuing directions to the United States to remove its warships from the adjacent waters. Villa, after being several times defeated in dispatches, and after a hairbreadth escape in a railway accident, finally entered Mexico City on Tuesday at the head of some 25,000 troops. There he issued a statement to the Associated Press, affirming the disinterestedness of his intentions and his entire devotion to the cause of Provisional President Gutierrez.

The deaths of the week include: Cardinal Aristide Cavallari, November 24; Dr. Clinton Wagner, Col. Robert B. Beath, November 25; Dr. James Truman, November 26; Philip Herbert Holt, November 27; Marchese Visconti-Venosta, November 28; Gen. Lewis Seasongood, November 29; Lucius Tuttle, John Gottlieb Wendel, Fanny Whiteside Brough, November 30; Rear-Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan, December 1.

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The Week

Whatever the outcome of the battles in Russian Poland, it is perfectly obvious that the German army must revise its judgment of the Russian troops, precisely as it has been compelled to admit that its low opinion of the British soldiers was erroneous. After the Austrian ultimatum to Servia had been sent, and it appeared as if Russia would come to Servia's rescue, the organ of the German General Staff, the *Militär Wochenblatt*, appeared with an article about the Russian army, so contemptuous in tone that it must have seemed to Petrograd a veritable *casus belli*. The *Wochenblatt* declared that the Russians had not recovered from the Japanese war; that the two new army corps supposed to have been formed since then did not exist save on paper; that the *morale* of the officers was very low, and that no Russian troops had ever defeated an equal number of any enemy in the history of the Empire. To the latter statement the German army may, perhaps, still cling, because the Russians have apparently everywhere outnumbered their enemy. But Field Marshal von Hindenburg himself—he seems a remarkably frank and generous soldier—admits freely that the Russians have made wonderful progress since their Manchurian campaign, and have fought with skill and daring. From our point of view, if the war should end to-day, the prestige of the German General Staff would be found to have suffered greatly. It miscalculated as to Belgium, as to the English, and as to Russia, to say nothing of the failure of its plan to rush Paris.

It is hard to part with a war-myth, but we are afraid that we shall have to give up those famous "concrete beds" which the Germans had prepared in England. The story of them is familiar. Here and there near London it had been discovered by various Sherlock Holmeses that an ostensible factory site, or even an innocent-appearing tennis-court, was in reality an emplacement for German howitzers, made ready in advance with secret and devilish ingenuity. So firmly convinced of this were many Englishmen that the War Office finally had the matter investigated. Major-Gen. O'Callaghan has reported on all the suspected places brought to public notice. He did, indeed, find some concrete floorings, but they were already giving way under the weight of mere machinery, without waiting for the heavy guns which they were to support. In a word, he completely disposes of the whole bugaboo. Moreover, Major-Gen. O'Callaghan pointed out that if the Germans had made in England concrete bases for their heaviest guns, they would have done a foolish because entirely unnecessary thing. There are no forts in England which it would need the 42-centimetre guns to demolish. If the Germans ever land an army on English shores, they will need to bring with them only their ordinary field guns, which stand on their own wheels. So if there are really any "concrete beds" in England, they must have been made by the Russian soldiers on their way from Aberdeen to Dover.

The loss of the battleship Bulwark may turn out to have been due to the Germans, but that is hardly likely to prove the case. For one thing, the instantaneous destruction of the ship, while the cruisers torpedoed went down comparatively slowly, makes against it; and then her anchorage at Sheerness was so protected that it seems incredible that a German submarine could have found her way into the fleet. The Audacious, too, was some time in sinking, and, if we may judge by the photographs, was without external above-surface injury. Even the Maine took some time to go down. The completeness of this disaster is truly overwhelming; it far surpasses the loss of the Maine, the Mikasa, and the Liberté. Were we not calloused by reading daily of thousands upon thousands of lives lost ashore, and the wiping out of the entire crews of such ships as the Good Hope and Monmouth, the whole world would be shocked by the character of the catastrophe. Whatever its cause, it is another blow to the battleship advocates, for it necessarily invites comparison between the financial and naval loss when a battleship disappears and when a submarine disappears—to say nothing of the lives lost. The total loss is now heavy in the British navy. In officers alone the fleet has lost about 280 killed since the war began.

Once more there are rumors afloat that France and Russia are seeking loans in Wall Street. They are to be small ones, easily subscribed for by two or three banks or trust companies, and, therefore, do not call for public offering. To make them the more attractive, large commissions are tendered, and in addition there is further bait in the promise that the money will be left on deposit here and be used solely for the purchase of war supplies in the American market. These small loans are, of course, merely to be entering wedges for the larger to follow. The fact that there is to be no public advertisement is counted on to relieve the operation from the criticism that this procedure is in violation of President Wilson's expression of policy, as given to J. P. Morgan & Co. in connection with a French loan at the beginning of the war. We trust that no bankers will be found to swallow the bait. For quite aside from the question of international morals and humanity, there are sound business and economic reasons to be advanced against this country's going into the business of financing either belligerent nation. First of all is the fact that we have been drawing on Europe for the last few years for the means to finance not only some of our railways, but also many new constructive enterprises. When the war is over, surplus European capital will for years to come be needed at home to make good the frightful waste of war, and we shall not have this resource from which to draw in connection, for instance, with the large capital needs of our railways during the next three years. Moreover, by dint of hard and able work by our bankers, the situation in respect to international exchange has been brought into better shape. To complicate its status now by large loans to European nations—and the large will inevitably follow the small if an entering wedge is driven—would be a grave mistake. This is the time for the United States to sit tight. We have suffered enough from the war without taking chances by weakening our home resources and becoming financially bound up with the fate of the warring nations.

There is one complaint, or appeal, that comes from all the countries involved in the war. It relates to the provision for the wives and children of soldiers. In Germany, as in England, this has been alleged to be far too meagre. Only this week we have the dispatch citing the Socialist organ, *Vorwärts*, which reproaches the Government for not having done more to care for the real heroes and martyrs of the war. Similar protests have been made by newspapers and writers speaking for the British Labor party. No doubt, the authorities in all the warring nations have made great efforts to avert misery among the women and children left behind, and among men thrown out of work. More will doubtless be done, as the war goes on. In all this government activity in behalf of the needy and unemployed, certain Socialists are seeing an adoption of their own position. What is now done temporarily, in a terrible emergency, will hereafter be done regularly, on a great scale, and as a

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part of the recognized obligation of governments. Relief will continue to be organized; money from the public funds given to those who cannot support themselves; and the finding of employment, or "making work," reckoned among the duties of responsible officials. This is surely too hasty a jump to conclusions. It may rightly be hoped, however, that the knowledge and experience gained in this whole class of problems, under the stress of war, may not cease to be of avail after peace has come. Miss Tarbell makes the point forcibly, in her article in the *American Magazine*, that the great lesson to be learned by the United States from the European struggle is, not to prepare for war, but to organize for peace, and to do it by grappling more resolutely than we have done with the tough problems of industrialism and of poverty.

The Dutch Government's declination of aid from other nations in caring for the Belgian refugees in Holland ought to serve as a reminder of the nature of the obligation which the people of countries free from the affliction of war should cheerfully assume. While many have given generously in this country for the suffering Belgians, it is a mistake to regard the amount thus far contributed as coming anywhere near the amount which so extraordinary an emergency calls for. Indeed, there has been a marked scarcity of those large individual contributions which, in a country with so many multi-millionaires, ought to be a matter of course; there has been no contribution above $10,000, only two, we believe, of that amount, and very few have exceeded $1,000. It is gratifying to see that the contributions of more modest sums continue to flow in at a steady rate, but it cannot be too plainly said that the five or six hundred thousand dollars thus far received by the Belgian Relief Committee is but a small fraction of what we ought to send.

In reading of the tributes of appreciation paid to Ambassador Herrick on his departure from Paris, one cannot but feel how regrettable it is that our practice in relation to the diplomatic service should make it a matter of course that such a man should be displaced solely for the reason that a new political party, or a new national Administration, has come into power. During nearly half of President Wilson's term, Mr. Herrick has held over; now his place is to be taken by a man without any diplomatic experience, and with no special qualification for the post so far as the country knows. It is true that in many instances the new man does surprisingly well; there is no question of the remarkable adaptability which the typical American shows in all kinds of unexpected situations. But the opposite kind of showing is by no means unknown in the service; and indeed, unless every maxim of human experience is foolishness, it is plain that the Government, like any other institution, must in general be the loser if it removes tried and successful men who have served it in difficult tasks, for no better reason than the desire to give the "job" to some other person.

The decision last Monday of the Supreme Court, on the Oklahoma "Jim Crow" law, is but one of several that will soon have to be made in cases of like kind pending before it. They all involve the Constitutional rights of negroes. While the Court held itself in this instance, as all courts will, to the strict legal procedure, and so dismissed as faulty the petition to enjoin the Oklahoma railways from enforcing the State law, this dismissal was not simply without prejudice, but was accompanied by an opinion on the ultimate main question which is of good augury for the future. The majority decision, as given by Justice Hughes, laid down positions which are wholly inconsistent with attempts of any kind to write race discriminations into law. "The essence of the Constitutional right," said the Supreme Court, referring to the right to equality of treatment, "is that it is a personal one." It has nothing to do with the numbers or color of persons affected. "Substantial equality of treatment of persons travelling under like conditions" is what common carriers are bound to furnish, declares the Court, and, if they do not, the aggrieved traveller "may properly complain that his substantial privileges have been invaded." This doctrine is as cheering as it is sound; and it leaves no doubt that, in the end, the Supreme Court will not consent to the setting up in this country, and under our Constitution, of a "Jim Crow" government.

In announcing that he has appointed a commission of three, as contemplated in the tentative plan for the settlement of the Colorado mine troubles, in spite of the rejection of that plan by the operators, President Wilson uses language that seems carefully calculated to prevent this move in the interest of conciliation from being itself made the occasion of fresh controversy. It does not appear that he asks either mine-owners or mine-workers to accept the Commission as having any specific powers. His object in appointing it is "to create the instrumentality by which like troubles and disputes may be amicably and honorably settled in the near future"; and it is solely upon the good will of the parties, and their sense of public duty, that he counts for the calling in of the commission to investigate and settle disputes which stand in need of such interposition. The personnel of the Commission is such as to give good ground for this expectation. The men representing respectively the operators' and the miners' point of view have had much experience in just such work as would fall to them in Colorado; and to represent the standpoint of the community at large, both with broadmindedness and with seasoned ability, Mr. Wilson could not have chosen a better man than Seth Low. The consent of these gentlemen to undertake the task is fitly made the subject of warm commendation by the President.

The minimum-wage question is not, just at this moment, being very much agitated. How complex it is, we took occasion to point out at the time when proposals for a minimum wage for women were sensationally thrust forward under the influence of sex-hysteria. A cardinal element in the case, though it seemed to be completely ignored by the agitators, and received scant consideration from anybody, is the relation between the rate of wages and demand for labor. This must, of course, be a potent, though perhaps unnoticed, factor at all times; but at a time like this, when unemployment is widespread, it should not fail to obtain attention. In the Chicago *Herald* we find a pathetic account of the scenes at the opening of the emergency employment centre of the Woman's Club of that city. "The aim of the women inside and those in the hall," we are told, "was the same—to get a job, a thing that meant the difference between hunger and food, want and comfort. There were not jobs enough to go round." Mrs. Benjamin Carpenter, one of the directors, said:

> There is something tragic in the thought of these disappointed, hopeless women. We need more offers from employers of women. We need more jobs to give.
>
> If employers would come to us for help, if they would come selfishly, if they would come out of sympathy for these girls and women, if they would come on any grounds at all, a great problem would be solved.

Is it not obvious that a minimum-wage law —certainly the kind of minimum-wage law chiefly advocated at the time we have referred to, a law establishing a fixed minimum of eight or ten dollars a week—must vastly in-

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crease the extent of this kind of unemployment?

Not much is heard nowadays of that parallel between the new-born Progressive party and the Republican party in its early days, which, two years ago, the Progressive leaders never tired of proclaiming. Indeed, the only reference to it we remember to have seen since the election is the unfortunate one made by the Acting Chairman of the party organization in Massachusetts, who, writing—it must have been in his sleep—to the Progressive brethren, gave them the astonishing information that "in 1858 the Republican party, after showing marvellous strength in its first Presidential election, two years previously, apparently disappeared, and the Whigs came back"; whereas in reality the Republicans in 1858 became for the first time the dominant party in the House of Representatives, while the Whig party "stayed dead." However, the contrast in point of electoral success is not the only one that stares us in the face. If, after the elections of 1858, Lincoln had declared that he was "the privatest of private citizens," if Seward had announced that "the irrepressible conflict" was all a mistake, and if Chase and Giddings and the rest were considering whether on the whole it might not be just as well to get on with what the Whigs or the Democrats might do for Republican principles, we should have something like the condition that the Progressive party now finds itself in.

Reports of a falling out between Gov. Johnson and Francis J. Heney come just in time to give piquancy to the Progressive autopsy at Chicago. Heney does not understand why he ran so poorly in San Francisco in his race for the Senatorship, while doing so well in the rest of the State. Phelan, his Democratic opponent, was supposed to be weak with the labor unions, because of his having put police on the wagons in a teamsters' strike fifteen years ago. Johnson, on the other hand, is allied with the unions. Yet Phelan had a plurality of 60,000 in San Francisco, which was reduced to 25,000 by the returns from outside that city. Heney is said to be on the track of a deal between Johnson and Phelan, having relation to Johnson's Senatorial ambitions, and to have decided to make trouble by bringing charges of graft in the Progressive stronghold, Oakland. All this is sad reading, coming from the only State where the Progressives are still marching on. Too many leaders, it is evident, spoil harmony, particularly when they are not content with moral victories.

Interesting evidence of the essential homogeneity of our country is furnished by the way in which the recent radical advance in standards of medical education is appreciated in the South. The New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, dwelling on the statistics adduced by Dr. McGuire, in his recent presidential address to the Southern Medical Association, approves his position in regard to their significance and the policy that lies behind them. The reduction that has taken place in the number of medical schools and of physicians, says the New Orleans paper, "does not mean that there has been any reduction in the number of competent physicians, that there are not enough to attend to all our ills, but simply that the standard has been raised, and that fewer young men are being turned loose on the public each year, after a few months of lectures, to hang out their signs as 'M.D.,' and afterward learn the trade by experimenting surgically or medically on those who are so unfortunate as to fall into their hands." And so far from being frightened by the drawbacks which attend this process of improvement, it urges that State Legislatures should adopt a policy of strict examination into the standards not only of medical, but of other professional schools.

Does anything take longer in this country than to find out who was elected to an office, if either candidate disputes the returns? Last year, a Dr. Bacon was declared elected to the Philadelphia Select Council. His opponent, a Dr. Moore, demanded a recount. He got it—six months later. One month afterward, the examiner in charge of the case reported in favor of Moore. After another month, the Court of Common Pleas affirmed the report. Bacon then appealed to the Supreme Court of the State. This was five months ago, and the decision is yet to be rendered. The candidate whose claim to the seat has been declared by two separate authorities to be null holds it, voting upon measures relating to the interests of the ward he may in the end be found not to be representing. But what difference does it make which of two respectable citizens speaks and votes in a city council? Well, in this case, the candidate in possession of the seat is an organization Republican, while his opponent is a reform Republican.

The "dead hand of literature" has long weighed heavily on living authors. What chance has Gifted Hopkins against Shakespeare, when the latter can be endlessly reprinted without royalties? The plaint is an old one; but it is varied by a Western college professor. He protests that the dead hand of the past is strangling the teaching of literature. The prescribed reading is almost wholly confined to dead masters. Pupils receive nothing fresher to read in the way of novels than Thackeray or Hawthorne. But how can literary education be brought strictly up to date unless its material is just off the presses? The thing to do, urges this logical instructor in literature, this educational Lochinvar, is to set the boys and girls courses in O. Henry, instead of George Eliot, and to displace Dumas with Oppenheim. Only so can the students be made to feel that they are living, that they are moving, in a grand and awful time, and that books are really a part of the breezy present. We should say that if any teachers find the breezy present neglected by their young readers, who spend all their spare time on forgotten sages and out-of-date poets and romancers who never dreamed of an aeroplane, this would be a good way to make them rub their eyes and wake up and realize in what century they are living.

"Canada," said the Hon. Robert Rogers recently, "is going to do her share in feeding the Empire." The Government's announcement that the acreage to be given to wheat in Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan is 45 per cent. more than that of this year bears him out. Such figures must be based partly on autumn preparations for spring planting; but there is no reason to believe them greatly exaggerated. In 1913 the three Provinces named planted over 10,000,000 acres—nine-tenths of Canada's whole acreage, and about one-fifth of the American total. An increase bringing this up to about 15,000,000 acres, and the output in bushels to over 315,000,000, would be amazing in its suddenness. The Government, however, has made strenuous efforts to induce the settlers to enlarge their farms, and, with the railways, is even now distributing millions of bushels of seed; the current of immigration has been fairly steady; and the price of grain is now an extraordinary incitement. These official estimates already show that the reports of depression in Saskatchewan following this season's drought and storms were unfounded. In some sections the distress bade fair to be severe, but the Province's action in providing $1,000,000 for public work on the roads relieved it, and has apparently encouraged newcomers without resources.

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THE "PREPAREDNESS" FLURRY.

That President Wilson intends to keep his head in the present flurry over our "preparedness" for war is gratifyingly apparent in the news from Washington. It has been quite evident that the present conflagration in Europe is to be made the excuse for a wild raid on Congress for more soldiers, more sailors, and more ships. Witnessing the total breakdown of the militarist pretension abroad, that large armaments insure peace, we hear from our Navy League, our alarmed Gardners, our gun and armor makers, our Roosevelts, and our jingo generals, that we, too, must imitate the folly of Europe, even though it is now drenching its soil with blood. At the very moment when the "most senseless of wars" is endangering civilization itself, we are told that the United States must check its internal development, rob industry of hundreds of thousands of workers, and pour forth treasure by the hundred millions—just as if everybody could not now see that the European armaments were certain to have brought on a conflict, had there been no other cause.

That some of the people behind this movement are sincere, if too badly frightened to think straight, appears from the list of New Yorkers who have recently joined together to demand an inquiry as to our preparedness for war—to see if we are really "safe." No such inquiry as they and Congressman Gardner seek is necessary. The facts as to our preparedness for war are easily ascertainable. They are contained in the reports of our Secretaries of War and Navy, our Presidents' messages for years past. They can be obtained from those officials at any time. The Navy League is so sure that it has them all that it knows just what to advise, both as to army and navy. Every military attaché in Washington has the whole story at his disposal. Information is not the object of Congressman Gardner, however it may be with the New Yorkers who are suddenly desirous of having more light on our situation. He wants to have army and navy officers appear before committees of Congress to give testimony as to what they think ought to be done, which is like asking protected manufacturers battening on the Treasury to write their own tariff schedules. If this prevails, we shall be in for an inquiry of the utmost sensationalism, at which our generals will dispute whether we shall have 205,000 or 500,000 regulars, and our admirals whether we shall have fifty battleships or two hundred and fifty submarines.

Fortunately for the country, the President is not to be stampeded. With courage and far-sighted statesmanship he lets it be known that he should regard any such inquiry as ill-timed. He does not put it on the ground of keeping your head when your neighbors are shooting one another. He puts it on the far nobler ground that before this country lies the greatest opportunity that has ever come to it, or perhaps to any country—the opportunity of playing the leading part in bringing the war to a close. Never before did a greater possibility of usefulness open before an American statesman than that which looms before Woodrow Wilson. That he is of stature to seize the opportunity when it presents itself, this stand he is taking clearly proves. For he sees how ineffective—how hypocritical—would be our appeal for peace, our offer of good services, our pointing the way to disarmament, if we were to make that appeal fresh from new concessions to the armament ring, fresh from voting more hundreds of millions out of the pockets of the people and into those of ship-contractors and manufacturers of supplies.

To approach the European combatants thus with new weapons in our own hands, would be to fling away our moral position. Never has the United States stood higher morally in the world than to-day; this is attested by the way our good opinion is sought by both sets of allies. If it is to live up to the greatness of the hour, it must go to the warriors not with the news of a slavish imitation of the wicked policies which have driven some to the verge of moral and material ruin and others beyond it, but with a readiness to lead in the other direction. The menacing growth of our navy has been cited both in the Reichstag and in Parliament as one excuse for piling more burdens upon German and British taxpayers, by building more and more battleships. To our mind this is not only not the time to inquire about our preparedness for war, it is the time to refuse to vote a single additional ship, and to lead the world towards disarmament by beginning to disarm ourselves. The high example to be set by such an action would make a strong appeal to the victims of the war—certainly to enlightened consciences in every quarter of the globe.

Surely, it is a cause for the utmost thanksgiving that the occupant of the White House sees and senses this, and is ready to bear if need be the criticisms of little minds who can see nothing more in all this horrible suffering and carnage, this breakdown of Christianity, than the need of preparation for slaughter. We are convinced that the President has only to state the case for the people to rise to him as they have risen whenever he has made a plea for justice and humanity. The American people are thinking about what all this means. Hundreds of thousands have fled to this country to escape the burdens of militarism; they have no desire to shoulder new ones here. There are plenty of men in public life, too, who will rally to the President's support. There is Congressman Walter L. Hensley, of Missouri, for instance, a member of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, who is openly stating his belief that this is no time for an inquiry; that the lesson of the European struggle for us is that we should refrain from building more battleships and weapons of destruction. But it is the hour for all who feel thus to make themselves heard.

WHAT NEUTRALS CAN AND CANNOT DO.

It has been customary to speak of nations that are neutral in the present war as singularly fortunate. Such, of course, they are in a very true sense. But to picture their lot as if they were nothing but a *tertium gaudens*, wholly detached, with no vital interest of their own involved, no dangers to guard against, and no duties scrupulously to undertake, would be a mistake both obvious and ludicrous. Holland and Switzerland are neutral, but to what expense has each been put! What anxieties have robbed their rulers of sleep! Even upon the United States, sundered by the sea from the scene of hostilities, the war has laid heavy burdens. For weeks the strain upon the neutral Government at Washington was almost too great to be borne. We need not again enumerate the emergencies which successively confronted the President. Some of them have been continuing in their nature. Financial crises could be surmounted, relief for Americans caught abroad could be organized, impaired public revenues could be made good; but the work of maintaining neutrality and living up to all its obligations, while being vigilant to assert every neutral right, has been incessant and exacting.

Not the least of President Wilson's troubles during the war has been to resist impossible demands. From foreign nations and by some of his fellow-countrymen, he has been called upon to do what could not properly be asked of him. Certain impulsive people seemed to think that somehow he could stop the war! At least, he could "protest" at everything they did not like. It has been gravely argued that he should have called Germany to book for violating the neutrality

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of Belgium—though to what book, was not specified. And various excited citizens have been heard to declare it to be the President's duty to say in a loud American voice that "atrocities" must cease, and that if there was another instance of bomb-dropping, as upon Antwerp, the American navy would be ordered to do something or other, just what never clearly appeared.

Many things less absurd have been urged upon Mr. Wilson; but about them all he has refused to speak. From this it did not follow that he had given up thinking about all the phases of American neutrality, or about what he might be able to do to mitigate the ferocities of warfare, while waiting the fit hour for the proffer of good offices in bringing about peace. And that he has not been so inert as has been asserted in some quarters appears from the news that our Ambassadors have in some of these matters addressed inquiries to the Governments of the belligerent nations. There has been no fine flourish about it; nothing approximating a formal or threatening protest. In this way at least the President has indicated that he should regret to see any violation of the established rules of war. One of those involved relates to the security of non-combatants, and requires that they be notified before the bombardment is begun of any place which they may be occupying. This does not, in set terms, forbid the dropping of bombs upon the houses of a city, but in effect it does. Nor is this based upon any Hague agreement, partially ratified, but upon a principle of international law long recognized. To have called to it the attention of warring nations was not an unneutral act. And that the President's activity along this line has borne fruit, there seems to be evidence in the distinct lessening of the reports of this form of warfare. It is a long time since any German aviator has dropped bombs in Paris. From English aeroplanes explosives were dropped into a Belgian town a short time ago, killing a few civilians, so it was reported, but the explanation would doubtless have been that the aim was to destroy a railway station or trains which the Germans were using. Whether the slackening we note is only temporary, or not, whether the long-heralded raid of the Zeppelins on London will be made or not, we have no means of knowing. All that we at present remark is that President Wilson did take a quiet but effective step to bring about new respect for an old rule of war. And he did it wholly within his obligations as the head of a neutral Power.

To judge by dispatches from Washington and from some parts of South America, a more ambitious project, with the aim of extending the bounds of neutrality, is afoot. This is nothing less than an attempt to draw the United States and all of Central and South America completely out of the range of hostilities. The proposals, as thus far outlined, seem rather vague. The idea is to prevent our commercial ships from being interfered with by the warships of a belligerent. And there is also said to be hope that an agreement may be come to by which no naval battles will be fought in American waters. This is not, of course, a question of the three-mile limit, but of the high seas off American coasts. The mere statement of all this is, of course, enough to show that it is extra-legal. But that something of the kind is being seriously considered, appears to be beyond doubt. The South American Governments seem to be actively interested in it. Should the result aimed at be obtained even but partially, it would show statesmanship taking occasion by the hand to make the bounds of neutrality wider yet.

UNIVERSITIES AND THEIR MONEY'S WORTH.

Nothing could be more vigorous, or more broad-minded, than President Butler's verdict, in his annual report, on the foolish and wrong-headed proposal of applying to the teaching body of a university the mechanical tests of the efficiency engineer. Strangely out of keeping with the spirit of that utterance is the following passage, elsewhere in the report:

> The University is expending each year out of the income of its endowment immense sums to supplement the fees paid for tuition, in order to provide the best possible facilities for college and university instruction. The University owes it to the public and to itself to see to it that these colossal expenditures are made only upon and in the interest of those who are really fit physically as well as mentally to take advantage of the opportunities which the University has to offer, and to make appropriate return to the community in the form of personal and social service. There is a careful physical examination insisted upon in the case of candidates for admission to the military and naval academies maintained by the Government of the United States. . . . It is a matter well worthy of earnest consideration whether Columbia University should not once more take the lead in formulating educational policy, and provide specifically that physical fitness as well as intellectual capacity shall hereafter be required of all candidates for admission to the University in any of its parts.

Of course, President Butler cannot mean that the physical test he recommends should be as severe as that employed at West Point or Annapolis; but evidently he has in mind a fairly exacting test. It is true that he mentions the fact that "in Columbia College a certificate of good health is now required for each candidate for admission, but no similar provision is made elsewhere in the University"; but he opens the whole discussion with the statement that "there is one particular [viz., physical fitness] in which the examination of candidates for admission is not sufficiently searching." Taken altogether, it is plain that what Dr. Butler contemplates is something more than the ordinary "certificate of good health."

This proposal of a physical test as a condition for the enjoyment of university opportunities has evoked a number of protests in the newspaper press. It has been pointed out not only that a poor physique may be no insuperable obstacle—often no obstacle at all, sometimes even a stimulus—to intellectual success, but also that some of the greatest and most fruitful minds the world has ever known have been housed in very imperfect bodies. But President Butler's proposal is open to an objection far deeper and broader than this. It is true that the student of a university receives benefits the cost of which his tuition-fees are insufficient to cover; but to press this point home, in such a way as to cause the student to regard himself either as an object of charity or as the recipient of an advance which he is in honor bound to repay in any definite way, would be fatal to the spirit of university life. We must take a broad view of the way in which university education conduces to those great ends which the resources devoted to it are intended to compass. Those resources should not, indeed, be wasted upon young men who do not avail themselves of the opportunities furnished for the acquisition of knowledge, for the improvement of mental powers, for the advancement in culture; but to insist upon a return, in each individual case, in the shape of "personal or social service" is to make impossible a free and generous intellectual atmosphere. Let our universities welcome every young man who is attracted to them by the love of learning, and we can well afford to take chances as to just what percentage of them will make a return for the cost in the shape of specific "personal or social service." If we take the broadest view, to be sure, the question lapses; for simply to *be* a man of high intellectual quality, of serious intellectual interests, is, we take it, a "personal" service of high import; but, waiving this,

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we may be sure that the harvest of "service" of a more material kind will be greater if we let the free air of a generous intellectualism play about the crop than if we attempt to enclose it within the barriers of a narrow and calculating utilitarianism.

Neither the analogy of West Point and Annapolis, nor the analogy of the undergraduate college, helps to bear out Dr. Butler's view. At the army and navy training schools the end in view is the single and specific object of turning out a body of men fitted to take charge of the operations necessary for the national defence, and to take command of the forces of the country, on land and sea, in time of war. For this purpose, physical fitness is as essential as mental competency; and no incidental benefits that might come from the training can possibly be permitted to count as a substitute for these imperative needs. As for the certificates of good health required of college students, these, so far as we know, are imposed, not for fear that a few dollars of the institution's income may be wasted upon here and there a delicate youth, but for fear that the boy himself shall suffer injury, or fail to get benefit, from an undertaking beyond his strength. The question of a young fellow being in danger of a breakdown often comes up in the meeting of college boards; but we have yet to hear of an instance in which it has been considered from the financial, and not from the human, standpoint.

In the course of his remarks on the question of efficiency in the professorial body, President Butler said: "A university is precluded from being efficient in the mechanical or business sense by its essential character and by its necessary policies." Most true—and applicable just as truly to the spirit in which the university should regard its body of students as to that in which it should view questions of faculty organization. In the one case as in the other any specific gains that might be obtained by keeping close tab on the concrete results in the case of each individual would be far more than counterbalanced by the general loss in tone, which would affect the whole body. In both cases alike the proposed innovation is a manifestation of a certain misdirected striving for perfection which is very much in the air nowadays; a thing that should be called an itch for perfection rather than a striving for it. In short, in both cases, we would kill the goose that lays the golden eggs—that classic symbol of "efficiency" overreaching itself.

Chronicle of the War

The slackening of the German attack on the western line, which we noted last week, has continued until it may be said to have ceased altogether. Even the force of the artillery fire has diminished considerably during the past ten days. There have been the usual and obvious reports that this does but mark the lull before the storm, and that the Germans are massing their forces preparatory to launching another desperate attack in the direction of Arras or of Ypres. It implies no undue disparagement of the German fighting force if we discredit these reports. The frequent statements that the German regiments, many of them, consist now mainly of old men and boys have been sufficiently disproved by the fighting quality which these regiments have displayed. As further warning against undue optimism in Allied quarters on this score, we may call attention to two private letters which appeared recently in the London *Times*, one from a major in a Highland regiment, the other from a general officer commanding a brigade, both protesting against the misinformation concerning the quality of the German troops published by the English papers and paying high tribute to their courage and efficiency.

It is not necessary, however, to assume that German resources in men are strained to the severest pitch to doubt their resumption of a serious offensive at this time. There are many indications that, so far as the German offensive is concerned, the long-drawn-out struggle on the Aisne and in Flanders is drawing to a close, may, indeed, already be said to be ended. Of this, the report of Sir John French, which was given out by the Official Press Bureau on Sunday, and which covers the operations in Flanders, approximately from October 11 to November 20, furnishes the strongest evidence. "As I close this dispatch," declares the Field Marshal, "signs are in evidence that we are possibly in the last stages of the battle from Ypres to Armentières. For several days past the artillery fire of the enemy has slackened considerably, and his infantry attacks have practically ceased." We saw last week how the operations in the eastern area of warfare have reacted upon those in the west. It is unquestionable that considerable numbers of troops have been withdrawn from France to reinforce Gen. von Hindenburg's army in Poland, and in view of the course which the fighting there has taken, it is probable that the drain on the forces in the west may continue. Sir John French's dispatch brings out clearly how violent and powerful were the German attacks on the line Nieuport-Ypres-Armentières after the fall of Antwerp and when the German armies were reinforced by the troops that had been engaged in the siege of that city. Yet these attacks failed, though only by a narrow margin. Later, in the second week of November, there was the desperate attack of the Prussian Guard, the fine flower of the German army. That, too, was repulsed with enormous casualties.

If, then, these two offensive movements, the one strongly reinforced by a fresh army, the other initiated by troops especially picked for the purpose, were unable to accomplish their object, not the most hopeful member of the German General Staff, one would suppose, can look for success from a new offensive undertaken under conditions far less favorable than attended the former attempts. Not only is the German army in the west weakened by drafts sent eastward and by casualties (and these Sir John French estimates with confidence as having been in the proportion of not less than three to one to those of the Allies), but it has opposed to it, not this time Belgian troops in the last stages of exhaustion and a British force, as Sir John French points out, greatly over-extended over a long line, but an army that has had time to recuperate and has been considerably reinforced. As we write, there are reports of a renewal of fierce fighting at Ypres, but, though this should prove to be of some magnitude, it will almost certainly be found that the German attack is in the nature of a counter-offensive, undertaken solely for defensive purposes. It is even conceivable that it might be the preliminary to a general retirement.

Writing last week, we pointed out that present circumstances would appear to be favorable for an assumption of the offensive on the part of the Allies, and suggested that lack of equipment rather than lack of men might explain Gen. Joffre's delay in taking the initiative. There have been since we wrote certain faint indications, each slight in itself, but in sum presenting an argument that is at least worth taking note of, that the offensive movement of the Allies may not now be long delayed. In the first place, there is the confident tone of Sir John French's dispatch, seeming to confirm the sanguine note that is sounded by the French military experts. Secondly, there is the significant news that came on Saturday of last week through the correspondence of the Associated Press, dated from Havre on November 19, that ever since Lord Kitchener's speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet, on November 9, there has been a steady stream of transports from England to Havre. The fact of the arrival of considerable British reinforcements is confirmed in Sir John French's dispatch, where he speaks of nine Territorial regiments which have taken part in the recent fighting. That was up to November 20. The reinforcements to which the Associated Press alludes cannot, of course, consist of Lord Kitchener's new army of more than a million men, for these have not as yet received the training to fit them to take their place in the line of battle; but if nine Territorial regiments have already acquitted themselves well in the fighting, there seems no reason why others should not prove equally efficient. Add to this Sir John French's statement that the improved military situation has lately allowed of large numbers being withdrawn from the fighting line to rest and refit, and it seems safe to assume that Territorial reinforcements in very considerable numbers have arrived at the front.

Definite news from Poland, where for two weeks a fierce battle has been raging, is still lacking. The unofficial accounts, which we noted with reserve last week, giving news of an overwhelming Russian victory, were never supported by the official bulletins, and, as events have turned out, were premature. It is still extremely difficult to give even an approximately accurate account of the progress of the battle around Lodz, and quite impossible to hazard any prophecy as to its ultimate outcome. There seems to be no

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doubt, however, not only that the German offensive into Poland received a very severe check, but that part of the German army was at one time in considerable danger of annihilation. That was after the battle which we recorded last week on the line Strykow-Zgierz-Zdunskawola. Unofficial reports declared that the right wing of the Germans was here virtually surrounded, and another Sedan was confidently expected. Something very like this appears to have been narrowly averted, although the official statements from Petrograd uttered repeated warnings against the acceptance of unofficial rumors of crushing victories. Sedans, though, as we saw in the west in the earlier stages of the war, are unlikely to happen under modern conditions of fighting. Apparently, the German right wing was all but enveloped, but the Russian forces were not sufficiently overwhelming in number to complete or to hold the circle, and the Germans by heroic exertions succeeded in cutting their way out.

To speak, therefore, of the German line as having been cut in two places, and the right, centre, and left of the army separated from one another, is no doubt an exaggeration. German losses, if we are to accept any part of the unofficial reports as true, must have been enormous, but the line, though a tortuous one, still holds. On the north the Russians have apparently penetrated as far as Plock, on the Vistula, which marks a notable advance of their right wing. From this point the line may be traced southeast to Gombin (occupied by the Russians last week) and to Lowicz, on the Bzura River. There it turns to the west, forming an acute angle, and follows the Bzura to Sobota, where the Mroga River flows into the Bzura. Turning south again at this point, it follows the Mroga through Bielawy to Glovno, and continues thence through the Strykow-Zdunskawola line to the River Warthe. Though the Russian successes have not proved to be of the overwhelming character which reports from Petrograd would have had us believe, the positions indicated are sufficient to show the definite nature of the check which the Germans have received in their second advance into Poland.

It is, however, more important still to note that the Russians have checked this advance without, as was the case in the former advance on Warsaw, withdrawing troops from their right and left. On the previous occasion the incursion into Poland immediately relieved the pressure on the Austrians in Galicia. The present advance was undoubtedly undertaken with the same motive and with the additional, and in German eyes doubtless far more important, purpose of staying the Russian aggression into East Prussia. In both respects it has failed. The Russian centre has held without drawing in its wings. In East Prussia the significant admission is made by the Berlin War Office that Russian forces have penetrated to the neighborhood of Darkehmen, which is some thirty-five miles west of the frontier, on the river Angerap, southwest of Gumbinnen. Here, then, the Russians are across the German strategic railway which skirts the frontier between Stallupönen and Goldap, and are threatening Insterburg. Similarly in Galicia their advance has not been halted, as on the previous occasion, by the events in Poland, and they are now within striking distance of Cracow.

Foreign Correspondence

PARLIAMENT AT WORK AGAIN—NEWS FROM THE FRONT—KHAKI THE ONLY WEAR — CAPTAIN VON MUELLER—LORD ROBERTS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, November 13.

The meeting of Parliament for what will prove its last session was marked afresh by that unity of feeling and devotion to a common cause instantly established when the country found itself at war with a foreign foe. We have lived to see the realization of the poet's dream of a condition of things when none are for a party, but all are for the State. Parliament has been summoned at this abnormal date for the specific purpose of providing further money for prosecution of the war. This done—and it will be accomplished next week practically without debate, certainly without division—further adjournment into the new year will take place. On this side of Christmas no attempt will be made to proceed with legislation.

For the first time within the memory of living man, a new session of Parliament has been started without festive preliminaries. On the night before the opening ceremony is achieved the Prime Minister is accustomed to entertain his colleagues at dinner in Downing Street, the leader of the House of Lords playing the part of host to the titled members of the Government. The leaders of the Opposition in both houses provide the same pleasing reception for ex-Ministers. It is an old-fashioned courtesy, still happily extant, that they are provided with a copy of the speech to be delivered from the throne on the following day. It is read aloud to the company about the same time that its secrets are disclosed elsewhere by the Premier and the leader of the House of Lords.

Up to the accession of Edward VII a full summary of the document was supplied to editors of the principal daily papers. Its information was available for use in their leading columns. But it was a point of honor to maintain throughout the article a tone of ambiguity. It would have been something approaching *lèse majesté* to anticipate the utterance of the sovereign. Accordingly, able editors gravely ambled round the text of the speech, introducing successive announcements in such phrases as: "It is probable that the gracious speech may announce—" or, "We should not be surprised if his Majesty were to declare intention on the part of his Government to—" On coming to the throne, King Edward made an end of the solemn, not to say priggish, farce. The proposals set forth in the speech from the throne are not now communicated to the editors, who nevertheless by effort of intelligent anticipation generally get pretty near the facts.

This week there have been no Ministerial or ex-Ministerial dinners. More important still to a wide political circle, there have been no evening parties at headquarters in either camp. It has been usual at Downing Street for the Prime Minister's wife to be "at home" to supporters in both houses, their wives and daughters. The brilliancy of the Assembly is added to by the appearance on the scene of foreign Ministers, wearing all their stars and ribbons. Interest of another kind is added by the presence of well-known men of science, of literature, of art, of music, and the stage. Had Mrs. Asquith given her usual party on Tuesday evening there would have been what is known in the money market as "a shortage" of Ambassadors. The German Minister departed three months ago, followed reluctantly by Count Mensdorff, who for many years represented the Austrian Emperor at the Court of St. James's, acquiring the position of one of the most popular members of London society. Now the poor Turk has trundled off—in tears, it is said, emotion partly due to regret at leaving London, and partly to certain prevision of what will follow to his helpless country as a penalty for permitting itself to be dragged at the chariot-wheels of the Kaiser.

Since the war commenced a striking change has been made in the neighborhood of Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House. Formerly sentries, drawn from the regiments of the Guards, wore the red tunic, the striped black trousers, and the gigantic busby. To-day they pace up and down in khaki, with knapsacks on their backs, water-bottles at their sides, ready for active service, however sudden the call. Khaki is indeed the only wear for soldiers. His Majesty has added a suit to his abundant wardrobe and wears it occasionally when he visits newly recruited forces. On Wednesday, as the King drove down to Westminster to open Parliament, he passed between rows of detachments from crack regiments of the regular army all in khaki. The only exception was the staff and escort accompanying the royal carriages, who wore the review order uniform. The troops from overseas, who, marching in the Lord Mayor's procession on Monday, met with a remarkable ovation, were, of course, all clad in unobtrusive khaki. The adoption of this fashion, of comparatively recent date, is a distinct advantage to the service, showing off the manly athletic form for centuries obscured by the medley of gaudy colored uniforms.

At the Lord Mayor's banquet a significant indication of popular feeling lurked among the commonplaces of the wine list. No German wine was served, an exclusion that will doubtless lead the way at public banquets elsewhere and hereafter. This will be an added blow to innocent wine merchants already suffering from a marked falling off of trade. It is becoming the fashion at clubs and at many private houses to abstain from champagne at dinner. It is justly thought that this is not a time to grow merry at an extravagant price per head. Incidentally, the war has proved a powerful incentive to temperance. At home, as in France, public houses, restaurants, and the bars of hotels and clubs are closed at an hour so early that had it been decreed six months ago there would have been a riot in the streets. In Russia, the Czar, at enormous cost of revenue, has at a stroke prohibited the sale of vodka, resulting in a social revolution, second only, in a sense parallel with, the emancipation of the serfs. In Paris the Government, having closed the cafés after an early dinner hour, has prohibited the sale of absinthe, thus eliminating from the time of day what to the boulevardier was its happiest stroke—*l'heure d'absinthe*.

Up to this year the month of October marked a distinct and pleasant departure in social life in London. It has a season all of its own. Folk returning after holiday-making at home or abroad, delighted to meet old friends

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after three months separation, got up little dinners, not so big nor so elaborate as those which crowd the regular season, but none the less pleasant. Nothing of the kind has marked the course of this late autumn. People instinctively refrain from holding festivals of any kind. With millions of men fighting day and night in the once fair fields and prosperous towns of butchered Belgium, it seems better to dine quietly at home, haply setting aside out of reduced household expenditures something additional in the way of relief for the victims of the war. Most of the big London restaurants, whose crowded glittering conviviality at the dinner or supper hours was this time last year one of the sights of London, are shrewdly ministering to this Spartan mood of economy by providing special luncheons and dinners at reduced prices.

WESTMINSTER, November 21.

In spite of the niggardly disposition of the Press Bureau and the baldness of its literary style, readers of the morning papers get a more or less dim impression of the progress of the biggest battling the world has ever seen. More eloquent are the simple columns cataloguing the names of killed and wounded in action. Still more vivid are flashes of personal knowledge of the operation of the war upon quiet, happy homes of yesterday. Less than a month ago I bade farewell to a friend and country neighbor going to the front. In order to accomplish his heart's desire, he had resigned one of the most highly prized positions of distinguished officers on Home Service. As soon as he was gone his brave and capable wife devoted herself to hospital duties, taking her turn at hard work from four o'clock in the afternoon till midnight or after.

Perhaps such engrossing labor had its compensation in distracting her mind from hourly anxiety. In addition to her husband, three of her brothers, the eldest heir of an historic Scottish dukedom, had gone to the war. Of the two younger, one returned from the battlefield wounded. The other, known to be dangerously wounded, is among the missing. Nothing has been heard of him since he disappeared a full month ago. And now comes a brief summons from Boulogne bidding her repair to the bedside of her husband, who lies in hospital grievously wounded.

Capt. von Müller of the Emden is well known in London, where he has left many friends. He was domiciled here for some years acting as Naval Attaché to the German Embassy. In the spring of last year I met him at luncheon and was much struck by his appearance and manner. Tall, slim in figure, beardless, and innocent of moustache, he had no resemblance to the ordinary type of German. The dissimilitude was carried further by his manner, which was gentle, courteous, and unobtrusive. He did not take prominent part in general conversation at the table, but after luncheon I had a chat with him and was charmed by the variety of his information and the grace of his culture—spelt with a "c" not with a "k." I little thought when we parted that the next time I heard his name it would be a terror to the British mercantile marine.

The funeral of Lord Roberts to-day was made the occasion of a rare display of public emotion. In order to find its nearest parallel we must go back to the burial of the Duke of Wellington, hymned by Tennyson in deathless verse. Lord Roberts also has his Poet Laureate. It has been written that the poet is in some cases also the prophet. The truth of the aphorism is justified in the case of Wordsworth. A hundred years ago he wrote a poem with the incongruously prosaic title "Character of the Happy Warrior." The subject of his monody was his brother, a sea-captain, who had died at his post. I resist the temptation to quote couplets and passages that might have been written to-day by one analyzing and describing the character of Lord Roberts. But the poem is worth looking up for the remarkable coincidence it supplies. Lord Roberts's greatness was equalled only by his modesty. Nothing would have amazed him more than to hear the lamentation at his death echoing from pole to pole, from India, where his name is worshipped, to Canada, that glows with pride and affection at hearing it mentioned.

I made the personal acquaintance of Lord Roberts twenty-one years ago, and was to the end honored by his friendship. The occasion of meeting was a garden-party given by Lord Onslow at Clandon Park in honor of the visit to this country of a representative gathering of Australians. For the convenience of his guests returning to the railway station Lord Onslow engaged the services of a miscellaneous collection of local traps and gigs. Seated by the driver of one I was startled by a sudden exclamation. "There he is. There's Bobs," he cried, his face glowing with animation as he pointed to a slight upright figure in a group crossing the lawn. He told me he was an old soldier who had served with Roberts in India, and the sight of his old chief filled him with gladness. Among many natural gifts Lord Roberts was one of those men who, sharing the quality with Peter Pan, never grow older. It is no exaggeration to say that after a lapse of twenty years his face and figure did not show alteration from the time when I first knew him. Nor did his manner change. He remained the very pink of courtesy, the perfection of simplicity, the model of modesty.

As was shown in the visit to Paris in wintry weather which directly resulted in his death, he spared no pains, shrank from no personal inconvenience, when there was question of doing a useful service. Shortly after he returned from India in 1893 question of the safety of the Afghan frontier came again to the front. In course of a conversation with me on the subject he remarked that it would be well that a journalist accustomed to address a wide circle of readers should be accurately informed on the matter. He, a busy man with many calls on his time, accordingly proposed to come and lunch with me and talk the matter over. I summarized his views in an article written for the *Daily News*, of which I sent him a proof in anticipation of publication. Naturally, inevitably, dealing with the subject, I had something to say of the services he had rendered in India. He returned the proof begging me to destroy it, explaining that he had merely endeavored to inform me on a subject on which from time to time I might have occasion to write. The article was accordingly withdrawn, and as I did not keep a duplicate of the proof Lord Roberts's views on a subject of which he was master are not available.

The Savage Civilian

THE FEROCITY OF THE NON-COMBATANT, AND IN PARTICULAR OF THE GENTLER SEX.

More years ago than I care to think of I had a friend who was a Dutchman. He was also an official in the service of the Transvaal Government, and when war broke out he fought for the Boers under Villebois-Mareuil, was wounded, taken prisoner, and in due time released; whereafter he returned to Holland. While in Africa he married a Boer wife.

About six months after the war was over I happened to visit The Hague and wrote to my friend that I should like to see him. He called at my hotel, asked me to dinner, and added hesitantly that he hoped I would excuse his wife's absence. It happened that I made a mistake about the day, and called sooner than I was expected. I was shown into a room in which husband and wife were sitting. No sooner was I announced than the lady rushed towards me, slapped me soundly on both cheeks, and with a war-like scream vanished from the room. I was only a boy at the time, and not even my friend's explanation that his wife's dislike was intended for the English generally rather than for me in particular comforted me overmuch.

I was at a dinner-party in London a few weeks ago and very tactlessly put forward some mild expression of my belief that the Germans were very probably human beings after all, and that the stories of their atrocities might be exaggerated. Nobody hit me, but I happened to meet next day in Lower Sloane Street the lady next to whom I had been sitting, an acquaintance of some years. She crossed the road to tell me that if I was a traitor to my country I might have the decency to keep it to myself.

Now, it is a curious fact that just as the Dutch husband of the war-like lady agreed with me that the British had not committed atrocities in South Africa, so a man at the English dinner-table who was a soldier and the brother of a soldier at the front entirely agreed that the Germans made a very decent foe, all things considered, and that their "atrocities" were, if not altogether invented, very much exaggerated. I have not dined with any German ladies since the war broke out, but I have very little doubt that, if any German suggested that the English, the Russians, the French, or the Belgians were not blood-stained murderers, plunderers, and ravishers, he would be promptly taken to task as was I myself.

Another curious point which is to be noted just now in the civilian populations—and especially the women among them—of London and Paris—and, doubt it not, of Berlin and Vienna also—is the extraordinary relish with which they anticipate the plunderings, murderings, and ravishings which must follow should the "enemy" *quelconque* ever seize their particular capital. Not one jot or tittle of horror will they dispense with; not one item of all the long category of wars'

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infamies since the Stone Age—and woe betide the man who hints that not inconceivably some few unburned buildings, living men, and uninsulted women might be found even after the entry of the barbarous foe.

Per contra, I have discussed the matter with the soldiers of four nations—it is true that the Germans among them were prisoners—and even the Belgians, who might be expected to feel most bitter, were united in finding good words to say for the foe and in insisting that where atrocities took place they were to be blamed solely to individual blackguards, such as are to be found in any great foregathering of men, and not at all to the nation unlucky enough to own them.

I am not talking of the real fear that comes from real ignorance. In the remoter parts of England there are no doubt many people who have never seen a German—just as there must be many Germans who have never seen an Englishman—and who would not be surprised to find, if the invading army did appear, that it was composed of blacks, was horned, tailed, and hooved completely. I know of one perfectly true instance of an old lady, living in the Berkshire Down country, who barricaded herself in her cottage at the beginning of the war from sheer terror that the Germans might be expected at any moment, and would certainly have starved to death had not kindly neighbors wondered at her disappearance. But the phenomenon of which I write is not confined to the ignorant or to children; it might almost be said that the higher the social scale so much the greater is the almost ghoulish appreciation of "foreign atrocities."

The average Englishwoman or Parisienne of the educated class has certainly in her time met at least one German, just as she of Berlin or Vienna has certainly met Englishmen or Frenchmen. They have talked with them, perhaps flirted with them, have found them invariably human—if unfamiliar—occasionally very sympathetic. I have in mind one English girl in the early twenties who not many months ago dined with me as the guests of a German friend, now doubtless in the field if he be not already dead or in hospital. "It is awful to think," she said to me in all sincerity, when the subject happened to be raised between us since the outbreak of war, "what a blackguard the man was all the time." And doubtless in Berlin hundreds of young ladies are saying similar things about Englishmen with whom, six months ago, they were glad to be intimate and to greet with their brightest smiles. At the best, the absent foreigner has been changed by the act of war into a demon of tiger-like ferocity; at the worst he was so all the time, even when he covered his villany with the hypocritical veneer of civilization.

Though silly, such feelings are credible enough; the curious part of the matter is that not fear but relish is the predominant feeling on the part of the civilian at the thought of the coming invasion of barbarities. Very much as the "white slave traffic" not so very long ago was the predominant subject of conversation at the most respectable suburban tea-tables, so what the peaceful inhabitants (and more particularly the women) have to look forward to, should the enemy succeed, is now absolutely *de rigueur*, and I honestly believe there are whole thousands of women in London, Berlin, or Paris who would be bitterly disappointed if the foreign occupation of their capital failed to produce a crop of unnamable horrors.

I was discussing this very subject with an officer high in the British Intelligence Department in a little French town "behind the firing line" a short time ago, and not only did he agree upon the main point, but he added that not the ferocity of the most ferocious "Freiritter" who ever slaughtered was to be compared with that of his own womenfolk, so far as words at least are concerned. That is true enough, and perfectly reasonable. His womenfolk, I mean, might be pardoned for hating the men who were doing their best to slay their own menfolk. Also, as we agreed, it is confined to words. The German woman tends the wounded English or French prisoner as devotedly as do French and English the German, even though they talk nevertheless of "something with boiling oil in it" for the unwounded free enemy. Both at Newbury in England and at Torgau in Germany, as it happens, indignant patriots have protested at the favors showered by local womanhood upon "enemy prisoners," and a German prisoner himself told me that our kilted Highlanders have proved almost as irresistible to soft-hearted fräuleins as they have to the young ladies of France.

The real reason, my soldier friend and I were agreed, why so many women regard the approach of the horrors of war in their direction with such eagerness that they are furious if you try to discount them, is curiosity. They have read of such horrors—and the better educated the more they have read—but the written word conveys but a feeble image. They want—quite impersonally—to see for themselves, for the race of Fatimas increases all the time and the number of Bluebeard chambers closed against them grows always less. For those of us who have actually seen something of war and what it carries in its train, it is almost impossible to realize exactly how little the words "atrocities," "barbarities," "murders," "pillaging," "ravaging," and the like mean to those who in well-sheltered homes have never had any nearer actual acquaintance with them than comes from the sight of the house on the next street in which a burglary has been committed. You will not find that eager, almost joyful, anticipation of war's horrors in the women—and men and children—from Belgium and Northern France who in their thousands have been fleeing into England to escape the actual wrack of war—as maybe those of Germany into Denmark or Sweden or Holland to-morrow or the day after. There is no anticipation among them—and I have talked to very many—no dwelling upon gory details; only a dull, crushed silence of despair. They have seen.

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER.

Recent Novels

THE PRODUCT OF THE AUTUMN SEASON—SOME OUTSTANDING BOOKS BY AMERICAN AUTHORS.*

The reader who may have been privileged or fated to become in some general sense familiar with what may be recalled as the ante-bellum—or say precataclysmic—fiction of England and America is likely to have been favorably impressed with the character of the American commodity. As for that desperate hope of the age, clung to by even so exacting a critic as Mr. Howells—the "high average workmanship" which is fit for democratic peoples—English practitioners of the rank and file have already realized it almost beyond our dreams. Somehow, though it is sad for us to admit, and though we have Matthew Arnold's remark about Boston to comfort ourselves with, writing Englishmen as a class use better English, or use English better, than we do. They also, as a class, have a clearer notion of what they are writing about, and more skill in construction. It is astonishing how many recent English novels by new writers have stood clear of mediocrity. On the other hand, we may fairly congratulate ourselves that our recent fiction has been cleaner and more wholesome, if less skilful than theirs. Our story-tellers are busy enough about sex matters, Heaven knows; but other aspects of life remain of importance to them; and mere salacity, though it has infected popular literature, is not yet in the best of standing among us. Certainly, the better American fiction of the season is, as a whole, far more tolerable in the family circle than the better corresponding

**Clark's Field.* By Robert Herrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Rise of Jennie Cushing. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Perch of the Devil. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

To-day's Daughter. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Gideon's Band. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Hidden Children. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Witch. By Mary K. Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Encounter. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: Century Co.

The Hands of Esau. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

The Last Christian. By George Kibbe Turner. New York: Hearst's International Library Co.

The Poet. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Diane and Her Friends. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Copy Cat and Other Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman. New York: Harper & Bros.

The Mutiny of the Elsinore. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Lone Wolf. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Honorable Percival. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: Century Co.

The Nightingale. By Ellenor Stoothoff. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

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English product: a test to provoke hearty but not inextinguishable laughter.

I.

Of the score or so of novels I have in mind as pretty well representing the best of current fiction, almost all are, in the nature of things, by well-known writers. Prodigies are rare, and a season which produces new work by Mr. Cable, Mrs. Deland, Mr. Hardy, and Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman would be of note if it had nothing else to its credit, nothing to offer from younger names like Mrs. Watts, Mr. Herrick, and Miss Sedgwick. But a grouping by seniority would be mechanical. We may, for convenience, mention our books as their character rather than their authorship roughly groups them. There are, for example, four novels of some length which attempt to deal seriously with one or another phase of American contemporary life.

In "Clark's Field" Mr. Herrick, who has sometimes seemed to be in pursuit of wandering fires, has achieved, I think, a richer and more stable piece of work than ever before. Heartiness cannot be expected of him: his melancholy is too deep-seated; but the brooding and dubious quality, the plaintiveness, at times fairly enervating, of his earlier novels is far less noticeable here. His leading figure, the girl and woman Adelle, is a singularly healthy and normal person; an "average" person, even an insignificant one in most of her earlier phases. The romance of her inheritance is of the matter-of-fact domestic order—it is such fortune as might come to any one among a thousand mute, inarticulate, shabby, and commonplace little American girls. The real romance—and there is such a thing underlying or contending with all Mr. Herrick's realism—lies in the fact that little plain Adelle is not quite commonplace. She has elements of mind and character which develop too slowly to protect her from the silly accident of her marriage and the suffering which must follow, but not too slowly for her final salvage.

Mr. Herrick might well have called his novel "The Rise of Adelle Clark." Mrs. Watts's theme is strikingly similar. Her Jennie is a personality very different from Adelle, but she is also a personality, she also has a latent force of character, something sturdy and sound born in her, which brings her out of the least promising conditions, through very bitter experiences, to self-comprehension and self-mastery. There is quite as much realism in this story as in the other, and it is a realism which circumstances make more striking. This is, indeed, one of those stories about a girl which one hesitates to put into a girl's hands. Jennie is the waif of a brothel, is educated in a reform school, chooses to be the mistress rather than the wife of the man she loves, and will not marry him even when time has tested the permanence, at least, of his feeling. On larger grounds one's misgiving as to the permanent value of either of these stories as a work of art is based on a sense of their "petering out" a little, being somehow vague and ineffectual in the outcome.

The other two books in this group are of distinctly less merit. Neither represents its author at her best. Mrs. Bacon has attempted a study of a type which has been much attended to by English novelists—roughly, the "Ann Veronica" type, the maiden who is determined not to be maidenly, who openly revolts against the traditional lot of woman, and who makes herself and everybody else pretty miserable in the process. Mrs. Bacon apparently finds her heroine charming in spite of her faults; unluckily, she does not succeed in conveying the charm, so that the reader's joy in her eventual conversion to womanliness, by the somewhat familiar road of motherhood, is not extravagant. Mrs. Atherton's story is a study of American life in a Western setting. On one side it involves a commercial struggle between a Butte mining engineer and mine-owner and a great copper company. The company is as unprincipled as all such companies are known to be, and Gregory defeats it by such boldness and skill as belong to all proper heroes. On its other side the tale concerns the relations of Gregory to his wife Ida and to Ora, wife of his best friend. Ora is the modern married siren, as a character less considerable than Gregory. The one really striking figure in the book is the wife Ida, a heroine to be roughly classed with the Adelle of Mr. Herrick and the Jennie of Mrs. Watts. She also evolves strength out of apparent weakness, and scores against life in the end by virtue of her own mental and moral thews.

II.

Four of our elected novels may be grouped as historical romances. Rather vaguely so the most important of them, perhaps; but "Gideon's Band" deserves a place, if not a high place, among those pictures of Southern life in which the subtle atmosphere of a provincial society which has already passed is caught and made imperishable. Lovers of "Dr. Sevier" and "The Grandissimes" will find something, at least, of the old spell in this tale of the Mississippi. They will even enjoy, as readers of a younger generation may not, the complexities and obscurities which, characteristically, the author does no more than his part in clearing up. In "The Hidden Children" Mr. Chambers has again broken away from his popular commercial successes with what is analogous in literature to the "Broadway public" of the stage. This is a tale of the Iroquois wars, with an ensign of Morgan's Rifles as romantic hero; a very good tale of its kind. Miss Johnston's new story is (many of her readers will be glad to hear) more like her earlier novels, "Audrey" and the rest, than the not altogether happy Civil War series which intervened. It contains, as usual, quite enough of bloodshed and horror to stir the most sedentary reader, and a vivid if hectic picture of witch-hunting in England in the time of King James.

"The Encounter" has historical or biographical interest of a sort, since one of the chief persons is confessedly drawn after "a famous modern philosopher" of Germany, whose memory, we take it, is just now being execrated by all nations but his own. This Wehlitz of the story is a species of male "Tante." His genius happens to be primarily for philosophy rather than music, but he is a masculine embodiment of the same mad egotism which characterized Miss Sedgwick's diva. One has again the feeling that the portrait goes fairly over to caricature. Again, as in "Tante," the young heroine seems not quite up to her part; and again the really striking and living figure is that of a subordinate character. There is a touch of irony in the fact that Mrs. de Selincourt, expatriate and cosmopolitan, is at her strongest in the handling of such both broadly and subtly American types as the old retainer in "Tante" and the delicious Mrs. Fennamy of the present story.

There appear on our little list a number of stories of smaller compass, but not of less importance, than those which have been mentioned.

"The Hands of Esau" is a characteristic study by Mrs. Deland of a primary and poignantly human situation. As always, it is a moral, but not conventionally moral, issue that she is concerned with; and as always her handling of it is, upon the surface, so simple and straightforward as to give the effect of a presentation rather than a subtle study. A reviewer in the *Nation* has characterized it as a "novel of eighty pages which might well have been a short story of thirty." One may say with as much truth that it might have been a novel of four hundred pages. In fact, I think it of precisely the right length—for Mrs. Deland, who has done so much of her best work upon approximately this scale. Our publishers and editors are too generally under the tyranny of the yardstick. "The Last Christian" is upon a somewhat larger scale, but it is a study of a few persons in relation to a phase of religious change which, as so many of us remember, shook New England to its foundations a quarter of a century ago. "The Last Christian" is a parson of the old school, who clings fiercely and hopelessly to his faith in the literal truth of the Scriptures and the old stern doctrine of hellfire, until the higher criticism and Christian Science, and a general laxity and indifference reduce his parish to nothing, and make of his world a place in which he can no longer live. It is a book of genuine power, a faithful and sympathetic epitome of the passing of an ancient supremacy. Another novel in little is Mr. Nicholson's graceful little romance. He is faithful to his customary Hoosier setting, and it is not difficult to guess the original of the genial poet and *deus ex machina* who is more interesting than the story as a story.

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III.

The "Diane and Her Friends" of Mr. Hardy represents a relatively new type of fiction (but then there were "The Pickwick Papers") which seems destined to supplant the old-fashioned serial—the connected series of tales, any one of which may be read by itself. The "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" stories and the tales of "The Charmed Life of Miss Austen" (Century Co.) are instances of series of this kind, which, after proving very popular in the magazines, have had a second success in book form. Mr. Hardy's work is, of course, upon a much higher plane. Among new collections of detached short stories, the foremost in importance is the "Copy Cat" volume of Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman, in which she shows her complete range, from grim realism to light comedy.

A few other books we may include in our tentative list—two of adventure and two of whimsical humor.

Mr. London's tale displays in an unusual setting his usual vigorous appreciation of tough customers and hard blows, his talent for making one fear the worst when things are tolerably bad, and his relative clumsiness in the necessary business of "heart-interest." His style is as vigorous as usual, but his exciting happenings do not fall as thickly to the square page as we are wont to expect of him. With "The Lone Wolf" Mr. Vance makes his contribution to the ever-swelling popular store of crook-literature. Children cry for it.

"The Honorable Percival," if it introduces no new comedy material, makes excellent use of the old. Mrs. Rice's true-born Briton quite lives up to his monocle, and is properly humbled in the long run by as delightful an embodiment of the young ebullient American female as has ever been seen on any literary stage. "The Nightingale" deserves especial mention, not because it is the work of a new writer, but because, being delightful in itself, it seems to give promise of pleasures to come. Here is "to-day's daughter," the spoiled and young American wife and mother who, for lack of other employment, ails herself and is therefore ailing—here is that indefensible person set off with so much good humor and unaffected laughter that it is impossible to remember to be angry with her.

H. W. Boynton.

Poetry

THE OLD INN.

The ghosts of what dead gallantries
Within your low-ceiled walls remain,
And from those diamond-panes, your eyes,
Look forth again?

The trim lawns still are dewy-pearled,
That oak still guards your crescent drive—
But, since your day, what flags have furled,
And yet men strive!

Within your hall the rafters rung
With toasts that pleased an elder day:
Alas, the old songs have been sung,
And died away!

The mellow candle-gloom is gone,
But the same firelight leaps anew
To char the mantel, and the dawn
Still finds a few—

Still smiles a "Finis" to the tale
That on the world's rim first found breath:
For Love and War shall never fail,
The legend saith.

No more the shrieking brakes proclaim
The distant Coach with News and Friends,
Nor bugle note some chariot's fame
Distinction lends.

Out on the ribbon-road there stands
The sign-post of the final mile,
Whose vigilant new-painted hands
Bid: "Rest awhile!"

And though the motor's acrid smoke
Assails the ancient stable-shed,
The weary guests your charms invoke
As those long-dead.

And quite as fair Milady seems
As she who minced in rich brocade——
Then, long up-stand to house our dreams
Till Memory fade!

W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez.

Some New Verse

The Sea Is Kind. By T. Sturge Moore. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Collected Poems. By Norman Gale. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

Florence on a Certain Night. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

My Lady's Book. By Gerald Gould. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Georgian Poetry. 1911-12. Collected by E. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Modern Anglo-Irish Verse. Collected by Padric Gregory. London: David Nutt.

The verse, partly new, partly reprinted, in "The Sea Is Kind," will hardly render intelligible to Americans the hyperboles lavished upon Mr. Moore's work as a whole by English critics of unquestionable discernment. Mr. Moore writes readily, copiously, variously, has something to say, or at least something to utter, in classical, Biblical, and metaphysical fields, and has an air of knowing what he is about, which is effective even when it is misleading. His work is not picturesque, though composed out of fragments of pictures. His style, though loaded, even thronged, with words, seems rather solidified than padded. Melody in any rich measure his verse lacks, but saves itself from commonplace badness and commonplace goodness by being at the same time spontaneous and unconciliating.

The spirit of an age in which writers smooth their own path by obstructing that of their readers is reflected in Mr. Moore's adoption of a style which makes eternal vigilance the price of understanding. His verse is not ill described in his own phrase, "odd freak of shadowy coils and turbid gloom." I as reader feel that the wage hardly corresponds to the work, and if it be said that it corresponds exactly to the skill of the workman, I can only point out that one or two quite verifiable symptoms—the structural laxity of the poems and the absence of decisive resemblance in the comparisons—suggest that the intellectual values which these obscurities veil are not superlative.

In a group of poems for children, Mr. Moore seems trying to impersonate a hearty youngster emitting lusty crows; the crows are rather dream-like. "At Bethel," a Biblical narrative, is a poem relatively clear; its authorship is apparently undisputed. In the poem "To a Sicilian Vine-Dresser, 276 B. C." Mr. Moore is at his best. Hellenic stimulus cannot make him simple or concise (the powers even of the Greeks are finite), but it inculcates a truth which he would hardly have consented to learn from other teachers, the value even to poetry of a cornerstone in actuality. I quote two stanzas:

Gently draw off the clear and tomb it yet
For other twenty days in cedarn casks!
Where through trance, surely, prophecy will
set;
As, dedicated to light temple-tasks,
The young priest dreams the unknown mys-
tery.
Through Ariadne, knelt disconsolate
In the sea's marge, so welled back warmth
which throbbed
With nuptial promise: she
Turned; and, half-choked through dewy glens,
some great,
Some magic drone of revel coming sobbed.

Of glorious fruit, indeed, must be thy choice,
Such as has fully ripened on the branch,
Such as due rain, then sunshine, made re-
joice,
Which, pulped and coloured, now deep bloom
doth blanch;
Clusters like odes for victors in the games,
Strophe on strophe globed, pure nectar all!
Spread such to dry—if Helios grant thee
grace,
Exposed unto his flames
Two days, or, if not, three; or, should rain
fall;
Stretch them on hurdles in the house four
days.

Mr. Moore's wilfulness is rather tonic; among poets he may belong to a mild species, but in that species he is of the males.

In his "Collected Poems" Mr. Gale conducts us back to simplicity, invites us to a "Sabine farm" in Warwickshire, and sings of flowers, birds, and rural lasses in simple metres and unpretending language. If one fails, somehow, to be duly grateful, it is possibly because one suspects Mr. Gale of not living himself with any exclusiveness on the fruits and lentils which he serves so assiduously to his readers. I find myself in the position of Richard I in "Ivanhoe," who, when served with bread and pulse by Friar Tuck, could not conceal his suspicion

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that the goodly hermit harbored secret stores of venison and wine in some nook of his modest habitation. A like suspicion is confirmed in Mr. Gale's case by a vein of lusciousness, hardly significant in itself, but curiously ill assorted with the birdlike and childlike playfulness which the author desires to attain.

Mr. Gale would be a skilful maker of phrases, if phrases were things that could be detached and mounted for individual inspection in even rows in the numbered cabinets of a museum. At times he outdoes himself, and rises to merits quite unforeshadowed by the average level of his fluent, effortless, companionable verse. Among these happier visitations to a muse too hospitable to be fastidious, let me specify "The Danger," "To the Sweetwilliam," and "Shakespeare in the Thrush."

Mr. Dawson's volume falls naturally into two parts. The less significant portion is a group of lyrics embodying the piety or pietism of fifty years ago, rarely but singularly dotted with points which the taste of fifty years ago would have called blasphemous. The life of the volume, however, is comprised in two narrative (or quasi-dramatic) sketches of the Renaissance, "The Hill-Tower" and "Florence on a Certain Night." The second of these, which centres in Leonardo da Vinci, is one of the rarer instances of poetical recital in which the poetry is not hostile to the narrative effect. Still better than this clear-cut work is "The Hill-Tower," in which the error of indiscreet fulness in the treatment of a moderately attractive theme is finely offset by the tingling speed and fiery onset of the martial tetrameters:

> Blanca of the yellow hair,
> With witch-face white as ivory,
> Yield to our might that we may bear
> Thy body back to Rimini.

"My Lady's Book" is a little cluster of twenty intimate love-poems in which the "lady" is cloistered and niched at the same time that she is passionately cherished—a combination of courtliness and ardor for which the original model may be sought perhaps in Rossetti's "House of Life." Mr. Gould's technique is consummate when he cares to make it so, and his verse beguiles us with a rich effect of recessed and embowered privacy. His feeling surpasses in richness and vigor that of many of his contemporaries; the complicating circumstance is his apparent desire to express a little more feeling than he actually possesses. In the following beautiful sonnet the emotion is true and strong, though not quite strong enough to vitalize the hyperboles, and the mastery of rhetoric and rhythm is complete:

> I cannot love my Lady as I would;
> She is past loving lovable—she tries
> With childish hands the portals of surprise,
> And finds by faith those secrets understood.
> She wears the double crown of womanhood;
> Maternal thoughts make bright her maiden eyes;
> Wisdom would not be pure were she not wise,
> Nor goodness beautiful were she not good.
> I have held her in my arms and called her "Sweet";
> Of this high spirit have I said "My own"
> High for all hearts know peace where she is known,
> Her hands are full of service when they greet,
> And round about her in the grievous street
> The happy airs of Paradise are blown.

The Georgian anthology, which is confined to the two years 1911-1912, merits the interest to which the public has certified by buying up nine editions in eighteen months. What the poems disclose is not so much inspiration as character; the writers are ready and firm, favor energy and speed, shun the piddling and the finical, commit themselves fearlessly, and give prominence to matter. This is not genius, I admit, but it is the climate in which genius ripens. The prediction of immortality for any one of the seventeen cited poets would be indiscreet, but the rise of an immortal in their neighborhood is no irrational or remote possibility. Among remarkable things are the finely touched etchings of James Flecker and Walter De La Mare, the packed, if intricate, suggestiveness of Gordon Bottomley and Edmund Sargant, the spurring lines of G. K. Chesterton, the spirited and high-bred ease of Lascelles Abercrombie's masculine blank verse, and the shorter iambics that fairly skate along in the zestful and tingling verse-narrative of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. If John Masefield and T. Sturge Moore show themselves to less poetical advantage, they are not less happily resolute in keeping the commonplace in abeyance. Some allowance must be made for the illusion which makes the reader of anthologies transfer to each guest a little of the versatility which pertains to the whole company, and for the fact that guestship sometimes evokes a charm which the man fails to maintain as host in his own domicile. The volume as a whole gives suggestion of the breath of literary enterprise and the zest of artistic adventure.

A quite different feeling is aroused by Mr. Padric Gregory's much larger compilation of "Modern Anglo-Irish Verse." The poems are too many, too much alike, and too nearly equal in value to profit by each other's neighborhood. In literature and economics alike, there is undoubtedly an association between plenty and wealth, but there is likewise an association between plenty and cheapness. Both associations are recalled by the present volume. Many of these poems are respectable, or somewhat better than respectable; now and then a distinctive poem from W. B. Yeats or "A. E." or Herbert Trench or Stopford Brooke or John Eglinton reminds us that the Irish are a highly gifted people; but most of these accomplished and creditable verses are not only undistinguished but indistinguishable. They form a kind of mat in the memory. We have ripple, not pulse; fragrance, not savor; sparkle, not glow. Irish nomenclature and setting are plentiful, but, for all the marrow they contain, the verses might have ripened under an English hedgerow.

O. W. Firkins.

Old Coaching Days

ROADS AND TAVERNS OF NEW ENGLAND.

A romantic interest surrounds the history of the highways and turnpikes of New England coaching days. The story of their growth from Indian trails into well-built roads for the accommodation of a coach and four, is a history of the social, business, and intimate life of the time. Over these primitive roads a post on horseback carried the first regular mails between New York and Boston, then the two largest commercial towns of the colonies. Occasionally an ardent traveller, like the Widow Knight, whose diary gives a truly feminine account of big and little accidents by field and flood, made the perilous journey. This was in 1704. As travel increased, a box was mounted on wheels, and furnished with seats without backs: thus, rudely, the "stage" was born into a career of nearly a hundred years.

Travel by means of those tortuous contrivances was a dreaded necessity. It was only at the end of a day of struggle through muddy gullies in the roads, and the fording of bridgeless streams, that the tired traveller found cheer and comfort in the tavern, and discussed the news and gossip of the day over a great bowl of Bamboozle. With such a companion as Jonathan Oldbeck, or, better still, Scott himself, one may pleasantly make an imaginary journey over the old Boston Post Road. The varied and minute learning of our fellow-traveller would entertain but never bore us. The conversation would be humorous, gossipy, and serious in turn. We should meet, on the coach, or in the great barroom of the tavern, men of note and fashion of the day—perhaps Josiah Quincy, of Boston, or Ben Franklin, and, possibly, the great Washington himself.

The historical matter so industriously gathered in Mr. Jenkins's book,* or in such collections as Mrs. Earle's "Taverns and Coaching Days," and the Rev. S. G. Woods's "The Taverns and Turnpikes of Blandford," should furnish the structure for a more readable and life-like narrative than those volumes contain. For, after all,

> The show is not the show,
> But they that go.

With the learned but not diverting Mr. Jenkins for guide, one need not, even at this day, lose the trail of the old Boston Post Road, from Pearl Street, Manhattan, to the old State House at Boston. With him, however, it leads too often to the large towns and cities of the present day; one hardly cares, in a work like this, for a description of the city of Hartford, and a picture of the modern State House. Only on what remains of the turnpikes and taverns of coaching days, the few old houses that look as if Nature had made them into a part of the landscape—whatever time and man have

**The Old Boston Post Road.* By Stephen Jenkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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spared out of that grim and romantic past—does the imagination love to dwell.

The golden days of coaching in New England date from the building of the first Concord coach by Lewis Downing in 1815. This admirable vehicle lent a picturesqueness and charm to travel that the world seems never to have tired of. Indeed, one questions if any of the present inventions for speedy travel are so conducive to the enjoyment of natural scenery, good companionship, entertaining talk, and adventure, as the old Concord "stage." With the coming of the steam engine, so far outdoing the coach in speed but not in glee, stage routes in New England were shortened and pushed into remoter regions, to make a glorious retreat before the brazen vulgarity of the trolley-car.

But so late as the 'sixties a few enchanted regions were yet spared to the charm and romance of travel by stage-coach—none, perhaps, more attractive than the one from Lake Winnepesaukee, up through the Saco Valley and the Crawford Notch, to the Franconia Mountains. The first stage of this journey, from Centre Harbor to North Conway, a distance of thirty-five miles, it was the present writer's privilege to travel many times between 1857 and 1865. It was an afternoon's drive through villages that had barely begun to feel the changes that were to rob New England of so much of its old-time custom and color. There was time for observation and absorption of the scenery, whose beauty and grandeur unfolded with cumulative interest as we crept higher and nearer to the mountains. Is it the illusion of Youth, the enveloping haze of distance, that gives coaching, in the days of an era that has passed, so much of charm, romance, and adventure?

In her "Taverns and Coaching Days" Mrs. Earle pays a merited tribute to Charles Sanborn, whose long, sandy beard I seem even now to see waving in the breeze, as I proudly rode beside him on the driver's seat. It may have been called "the box," but I do not remember it so. Had she never heard or known of Peter Hines? He antedated Sanborn by many years; the veteran of a "stage" on which he played one part longer than Jefferson played "Rip," and with as great glory and as rare humor. It was Peter who, in describing the walk of a local celebrity, said that "he stepped high and wide like a man hunting for snakes."

The lover of New England will be grateful to Mr. Jenkins for the industry and patient thoroughness with which he has uncovered the trail of the old Boston Post Road. By the aid of his excellent maps and explicit directions, the highways and turnpikes of coaching days may, for the most part, be followed through various old towns that still hold great natural and historical charm. Many of the ancient taverns are still standing; but they are no longer the oases of protecting hospitality and roystering cheer that our travelling forefathers gladly found them.

They are all gone away.
The House is shut and still,
There is nothing more to say.

J. Eastman Chase.

Correspondence

THE PROFESSORIAL LANDSTURM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The note of Prof. Paul Darmstädter in the *Nation* of November 5 serves, I fear, rather to illustrate than to correct the characterization I had given (in a letter published in the issue of September 24) of the methods of patriotic apologetics used by distinguished German professors. My letter called attention to four statements upon important questions of fact in the pamphlet, "Truth About Germany," which statements it described as either false or misleading; and it pointed out the omission, in that ostensibly sufficient account of the causes of the war, of two facts not merely relevant but decisive. Dr. Darmstädter conceives it to be an adequate vindication of his professional brethren to reply, first, that one of the statements in question can now be shown to have been true; secondly, that my letter in turn omits mention of an important circumstance among the antecedents of the present conflict, "the total mobilization of the Russian army."

About the *tu quoque* I need only say that when one criticises an historical narrative for untruth, or for the suppression of pertinent facts, one scarcely obligates oneself to write the entire history over again. Moreover, the German grievance over Russia's mobilization arose only after Russia had formally offered to "arrest her military preparations," upon a definite and entirely proper condition—which condition was rejected by Germany and Austria. Dr. Darmstädter's other point, however, involves an issue of fact concerning which a good deal of misinformation has been put about. It seems worth while, therefore, to deal with it somewhat fully.

"Truth about Germany" declared that Great Britain, by demanding that Germany respect the neutrality of Belgium, simply "asked that Germany should allow French and Belgian troops to form on Belgian territory for a march against our frontier." Dr. Darmstädter's defence of this passage in the pamphlet is doubly curious. "There is *now*," he writes, "ample documentary evidence for the statement that France and England planned to attack Germany by the way of Belgium, and that Belgium was a member of the *Entente*" (italics mine). This sentence noticeably avoids saying that such evidence was available early in August, when "Truth about Germany" was prepared; it therefore, if true, would not absolve those responsible for that volume from the charge of having published a statement, of the utmost significance if correct, for which they had no proof. At best, Dr. Darmstädter merely pays a compliment to their power of divination, a faculty not highly esteemed among historians. What the new evidence is, Dr. Darmstädter does not trouble to mention; but it may be supposed that he refers to the documents found by the Germans in the War Office in Brussels, of which an account was published in the German newspapers shortly before the date of Dr. Darmstädter's letter to the *Nation*. This evidence, as given in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of October 13, I have examined with some care. It not only fails to prove the assertion made in "Truth about Germany," and reiterated and amplified by Dr. Darmstädter; it clearly tends to prove the contrary of that assertion.

What is published consists of two parts: (a) A summary, with a few scattered words of textual citation, of certain correspondence exchanged in 1906 between the British Military Attaché at Brussels and the Belgian General Staff, relating to arrangements to be carried out in the event of the sending of an English expeditionary corps to Belgium; and (b) part of a letter by Baron Greindl, for many years Belgian Ambassador at Berlin, written in 1911 to the Belgian Foreign Minister.

In the former part of this evidence, supposing it to be genuine, there is nothing to show that the arrangements for possible action in Belgium by England were other than defensive provisions against the contingency of a violation of Belgium's neutrality by Germany. Subsequent events have not made this contingency seem one for which it was unwise to make provision. Furthermore, Baron Greindl's letter, as reported, contains positive evidence that it was solely to this contingency that the Anglo-Belgian military understanding had reference. The letter is the more credible testimony upon the point, because it is written by a Germanophile diplomat whose feeling towards England and France evidently reflects that of the Wilhelmstrasse. Baron Greindl complains (I translate the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung's* paraphrase) "that the plan of the Belgian General Staff for the protection of Belgium's neutrality in a Franco-German war, which had been transmitted to him, *deals only with the question of the military measures to be taken in case Germany should violate Belgian neutrality.*" To Belgium's representative in Berlin, it seems that the hypothesis of a French or English attack upon Germany through Belgium "has just as much probability in its favor." To prove that possible danger lies on this side also, he argues at some length. On this point, however, the letter shows no more than that the Ambassador had learned in Berlin to look upon Albion and all her agents as "perfidious." But he constantly implies that the arrangements made with reference to the possible landing of an English *Hilfsarmee* were, so far as the Belgian Government was concerned, purely defensive in their purpose.

The concluding sentences quoted by the German journal are especially significant. There is a risk, Baron Greindl writes, that the English, if involved in a war with Germany, may land at Calais and Dunkirk and enter Belgium from the northwest.

That would give them the advantage of being able to bring on an action at once, and of meeting the Belgian army in a region where we should be unsupported by any fortress, in case we should choose to risk a battle; it would in any case make it possible for them to hamper our mobilization, or to permit it only after we had formally bound ourselves to carry it out solely for the advantage of England and her ally. It is therefore imperative that a plan of battle for the Belgian army be drawn up in advance with a view to *this* eventuality also. This is required in the interest alike of our military defence and of the conduct of our foreign relations in the event of a war between France and Germany.

Here, manifestly, the Belgian diplomat is writing to his Government in a way which would have been absurd, if there had existed anything approaching an alliance between his

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country and England. He assumes that Belgium is not bound to favor England or France any more than Germany. He takes it as a matter of course that if an English army should attempt to pass through Belgium (without a prior violation of Belgian neutrality by another Power), it would have first to meet and overcome the Belgian army, unless the invasion were so sudden as to anticipate the Belgian mobilization. He urges merely that the chance of such a conflict with the Powers of the Entente has been underestimated in Brussels and that insufficient military preparations have been made with a view to it. It would be hard to imagine better evidence than Baron Greindl's letter that it was a settled principle of Belgium's policy that the inviolability of her territory was to be defended against all comers and by all available means. Yet it is apparently upon the ground of precisely this evidence that we are informed that "Belgium was a member of the Entente," and meant to join England and France in a raid upon defenceless Germany! May I express the hope that Dr. Darmstädter's summary of these documents is not an example of the way in which history is ordinarily written in Göttingen nowadays?

I trust I may be allowed space to make, in conclusion, an observation of a more general sort, even though I cannot hope for enough space to prove it by citations. Since my former comment upon "Truth about Germany," that publication has been followed by many others of its kind, from the pens of German scholars of all degrees of eminence, including the highest degree. I have reason to believe that I express the opinion of the majority of American university teachers when I assure Dr. Darmstädter and his *confrères* that this huge mass of professorial pamphleteering with which we have all been bombarded has done little service to the cause of their country and much injury to the credit of their profession.

The German professorate has long been the object not only of respect but of a certain awe and reverence among us. We have at the same time formed certain conceptions of the intellectual and moral qualities reasonably to be expected from professional scholars, above all from the leaders of the profession. It has seemed to us that professors ought to be scrupulous in their published statements of fact, careful in their examination of evidence, and moderately acute in their discrimination of the proved from the unproved, and the decisive from the irrelevant consideration. Scholars, we have felt, ought not to believe all that they see in the newspapers, even of their own country; in reading documents published in newspapers they should heed rather what the document itself proves, than what the headline or the editorial comment says it proves; and they should not affirm "of their own knowledge" about matters in which they have no expert competency, and with which they can have had no first-hand acquaintance. We have gone so far as to expect that trained scholars, as a class, even in times of great popular excitement, will retain something of the critical faculty and manifest some detachment and coolness of judgment; that they will exhibit a greater ability than the average man to understand how a situation appears from a point of view not their own; that they will be less subject than other men to the more frenzied forms of national feeling; and that their public utterances will be characterized by some moral elevation and dignity, and a degree of restraint.

In the writings of Germany's professorial apologists, with strangely few exceptions, the qualities for which we looked have seemed to many of us to be conspicuously absent. We observe the fact less with anger than with a grievous disappointment and disillusion. To not a few Americans the spectacle presented of late by the leaders of German science and philosophy seems scarcely less than what a sincere lover of Germany has called it—"the greatest moral tragedy of the war."

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY.

Baltimore, November 24.

A REPLY TO MR. GALSWORTHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you permit me to correct some of the important misstatements contained in Mr. Galsworthy's extended summary of the British attitude towards Germany in the present war, which was published on November 15 in many newspapers throughout the United States?

By quoting the first line of one of the German national airs: "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles," as if it were the literal sum of a national programme, and by mistranslating it into: "Germany above everything," Mr. Galsworthy distorts into a jingo slogan an innocent avowal of loyalty to country. The meaning of the line is: "Germany, Germany, dear to me above all things." In the second part of the stanza in which the line occurs, Germany is specifically limited to its present geographic boundaries, north, south, east, and west. The intent of the song is the direct opposite of that imputed to it by Mr. Galsworthy. The song is a vow to protect the integrity of the country. The spirit of it is wholly defensive, without the faintest trace of a desire for conquest. Mr. Galsworthy's interpretation of the line is as false as would be an interpretation of the "Star-Spangled Banner" which imputed to the words "The land of the free and the home of the brave" the implication that every nation except the United States was composed of slaves and cowards, and that therefore the United States for the good of mankind felt in duty bound to impose, by force of arms, the blessings of its civilization upon a recalcitrant world.

This misinterpretation is characteristic of the entire article. Half-truths are tortured until they yield untruth; extreme sayings of individuals are recklessly overstressed and generalized; the clamor of jingoes (who form noisy minority groups in all countries), when it speaks in German, is heralded as the concerted utterance of the nation, but when in British, is ignored as a negligible outburst of discredited individuals; candid statements of universal, historic conditions are turned into cynical avowals of a German national ideal of ruthlessness; faults of German temper and manner are wrenched from their compensatory virtues and graces and grossly exaggerated in a perspective of fixed national antipathy; the signally German virtues are slurred and disparaged; the serious German offences are singled out and magnified out of all proportion until they fill the entire field of vision, blotting out the far greater and more numerous British offences, which are perfunctorily regretted in order to be more decorously ignored.

Of such substance, studiously cast in the outward forms of scientific objectivity, Mr. Galsworthy has composed what he "hopes" is a "fair statement of the German position and state of mind." Germany, in his statement, is a monster of iniquity, ruthless, honorless, maniacal in its conceit, recognizing might alone as right. Britain, on the other hand, whose empire is a vast record of weak nations beaten down and appropriated, from the early conquests in India and the Opium War to the subjugation of the two free Boer republics and the strangling of Persia in the present days, is described as the defender of the rights of existence of weak nations, and the champion of international liberty.

Thus Mr. Galsworthy debauches his honor and his talent in order to join the great number of his countrymen who are pouring out over Germany a flood of calumny the like of which the world has not known until this day.

Inexpressibly sad as it is, the fact should be brought home to Americans and to those of the British nation whose honor has not been debauched by this frenzy of meanness, that the chief responsibility for this campaign of calumny rests with the British writers, marshalled by the Official British Press Bureau, at the head of which is a highly paid official of the British Government.

The following, which any one can easily verify, is a fair illustration of the British public spirit. A few days ago, in looking over the war files of the German *Illustrierte Zeitung,* the French *Le Monde Illustré,* and the British *Graphic,* three illustrated weeklies of the better class and of fairly equal standing, I found this condition: The French and German numbers recorded, in pictures of their own and the enemy's armies, navies, and national life, matters of genuine information. Their hostile bias was sharp, but sincere and dignified. When I turned to the *Graphic,* I found drawings like these: a German cavalryman, with a face like a devil, swinging by the leg an infant which he was about to impale on his lance; a German soldier, with features like a fiend, striding over a slaughtered infant and setting his foot upon the body of a murdered woman; and again, a German soldier, designed partly as a wild boar and partly as a fiend, massacring women and children; and so on, until I could not endure looking any more.

In every country there are publications which cater to the lowest passions; but is it possible that the British men and women of the classes which support the *Graphic* can respond to such lust of brutality? Is it possible that a cause which seeks the inspiration of such an orgy of malice is righteous?

There are two kinds of hatred. The one, that of an honest enemy, however cruel, yet acknowledges the gallantry, the uprightness, and the honor of its adversary. This hatred, which has an heroic quality, passes soon after the end of the conflict into mutual respect and sympathy. In fact, at its deepest roots it is fed, even in the passion of fighting, by a certain obscure respect and sympathy. The other, base and malign, spatters the venom of calumny upon the honor of its enemy. This hatred inflicts wounds that do not heal in centuries.

Calumny speaks not only in the roar of coarse abuse of insidious plots. It has many less obvious forms of utterance; and one of them is the pseudo-objectivity of the discourse of men like Mr. Galsworthy, which, by unobstructive distortions, descends to conclusions as vicious as brutal abuse.

It is in times like this that the worth of

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men is determined. The tragedy of this war is too great, the causes and consequences of it too profound and far-reaching, to leave room for rancor and wantonness. Only he has a right to be heard who, even in such fateful catastrophes of inner being and outer existence, holds fast to the enduring values of life by which has been nurtured and sustained the best in him and his fellows.

The German people, who are wholly at one with their Government, and who, in this, the world's hour of destiny, have risen to the highest levels of heroism and self-sacrifice, are by their character, by their record of peace and humanity, by the sincerity of their devotion to the noblest ideals, entitled to a judgment which combines the greatest sympathy with the greatest integrity. MARTIN SCHUETZE.

The University of Chicago, November 19.

MINES ON TRADE ROUTES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that we Americans ought to be able better than almost any one else to view events of the present war impartially, and that, in the fortunate position in which we are placed for reaching a just opinion, it is our duty not to give silent consent to wrongs, but to express a judgment at the time when it may do some good, on whichever side wrongs may occur.

The steamship Olympic, of which I am a passenger, has just put into Belfast, after remaining anchored for some days off the north coast of Ireland until the sea could be swept of mines. Her escape was narrow, as the news reports have doubtless informed you. During the last few days numbers of these mines have been uprooted from the waters through which this ship was steaming at the time the warning came, a warning made possible only by the sad fate of others. The mines were secretly placed along the regular trade route to Scotland and North Ireland. It was a deliberate attempt on the part of Germany at wholesale murder, directed against the citizens of all countries.

Perhaps the German people are not at heart in sympathy with all the methods of their overlords, and will make themselves heard after this first period during which their reason has naturally been obscured by sentiment. No one blames them for their ardent patriotism, but if the German people, and especially those abroad with better opportunities for learning facts than those at home, continue to approve methods such as these, or profess to approve them, they cannot expect to hold the admiration or trust of any one.

ROBERT ANDERSON.

Belfast, Ireland, November 3.

"CULTURE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Culture" is a very prominent word in the newspapers at present, but I wonder how many persons have clearly defined for themselves what it means. I have not the slightest intention of attempting to supply such a definition on my own account. Facts are moving too fast now for definitions to keep up with them. But perhaps we might revive with a certain felicity the suggestive epigram, "Culture is the result of things forgotten."

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., November 15.

THE ALABAMA AND THE EMDEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The exploits of the German cruiser Emden, recently destroyed have suggested to newspaper writers comparison with the Confederate cruiser Alabama. Having had occasion, some time since, to go over the official records relating to the search for the Alabama, conducted by the United States navy, I am the rather impressed with certain contrasts illustrating the profound difference wrought in the conditions of naval service by telegraphy, the searchlight, airships, and the like. Thus, while the career of the Alabama was spun out over some twenty-three months, the Emden met her doom within about a tenth of the time. The fundamental difficulty in the search for the Confederate vessel lay in the impossibility of notifying a Union cruiser of her position in time to bring the destroyer to bay. Thus in Sunda Strait in November, 1863, the U. S. S. Wyoming seems to have been within twenty-five miles of the Confederate on the day the latter took and destroyed the merchant steamer Winged Racer, without being aware of her presence. In September the Alabama entered the Cape of Good Hope only five days after the U. S. S. Vanderbilt had left the same anchorage. In November, 1862, both the C. S. S. Alabama and the U. S. S. San Jacinto had been in the harbor of Fort de France, Martinique, at the same moment, but, although the Union commander endeavored carefully to watch the exit to the harbor, the Confederate was able to elude her antagonist and escape under cover of night. On other occasions United States Consuls or other friendly observers were unable to give timely notice to Union cruisers in order that they might intercept the famous rover of the seas. The only exception establishes the truth of the general conclusion. When the Alabama entered Cherbourg harbor in June of 1864 the American Consul was able to telegraph the news of her arrival to the American Minister at Paris, who in turn telegraphed Winslow, commander of the U. S. S. Kearsarge, at Flushing. At last the essential information was afforded a Union commander in season to bring results known to history. On the other hand, it is interesting to compare the surmises of United States commanders with the actual position of the rebel cruiser. Thus the Alabama was believed to be near Bermuda when her log shows her to have been near Trinidad; near the Azores when she was near Porto Rico; near Lisbon when she was east of New York.

Some sixteen United States cruisers are mentioned in the dispatches as being in pursuit of the Alabama, which fact also has to be contrasted with the seventy pursuers of the German destroyers. Doubtless, however, the naval forces of the Allies are not to be drawn upon for the overhauling of German commerce destroyers to a point likely to impair the control of the seas in German waters; and in this respect the two episodes we are comparing bear a close analogy. The paramount duty of the American navy in the Civil War was not to protect our commerce—important as that was—but to throttle the Confederacy by a rigid blockade. The Allies will probably keep the same major operation in the foreground, preferring, as did the Union Government, to lose not a few merchant vessels to seeing any relaxation of the death grip on the enemy.

L. A. CHASE.

Houghton, Mich., November 15.

Literature

JUGGLING WITH ECONOMICS.

The Economic Synthesis: A Study of the Laws of Income. By Achille Loria. Translated from the Italian by M. Eden Paul. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.

Since 1877, when Loria took his doctor's degree at Bologna, he has written every few years a considerable book, and at shorter intervals periodical articles, on some subject of economics. He has published in the fields of economic theory, of economic history, and of applied economics; a list of his books presents a bewildering variety. When the reader of "The Economic Synthesis," therefore, is told by Loria at the beginning of the preface that it "may be said to sum up the researches of more than thirty years in the domain of economic science, and to form the complement and the theoretic crown of all my earlier writings," he will anticipate the fruit of ripened scholarship and of extended knowledge. Nor will the prospectus of the book disappoint his expectations. The author promises to couple history and theory, to treat economics as part only of a greater social science, to present, as he says, "the omnipresent lineaments, the general and sovereign laws," which determine all economic forms.

In human history, "the process that is common to all the successive economic forms is the association of labor, a constant and invariable phenomenon in all ages; while the factor of immanent instability of all the changing social forms is the coercion that disciplines the association of labor." In the earliest period men work as isolated individuals for lack of inclination or of compulsion to bring them into association. The pressure of population in time forces an association of labor, which heightens productivity and gives rise to income. Income is the surplus product of coercively associated labor, it is like the surplus value of Marx, and is only part, therefore, of the total product of society. Income is of different forms. It is undifferentiated when the means of production are wholly owned and supplied by laborers, so that income and subsistence are merged; it is differentiated when the ownership, and therefore the income, are vested entirely in the class of non-laborers; or, finally, it is mixed.

The essence of human history is the struggle of the recipients of different kinds and degrees of income, which has tended to the advantage of the well-to-do, and therefore has steadily widened the breach of economic inequality. Meanwhile, however, the coercion which has effected the division of labor and the differentiation of income, has grown so burdensome that it has become an intolerable restriction on production itself. The world faces now no mere development of existing economic institutions, but a revolution which will substitute free association for compulsion and will mark the beginning of a new era. "The régime of coercion, of

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inequality, and of war, sinks once and for all into the abysses of history, and from its ruins at length emerges the bright and enduring régime of liberty and peace."

It is but fair to recognize that this summary gives only a bald outline of Loria's argument. Two peculiarities of his method forbid an attempt to reproduce his thought in greater detail. In the first place, he gives to common words, the word "income" for illustration, a technical significance, which he qualifies and elaborates by special terms of his own; so that the reader is faced by the difficulty of acquiring a new vocabulary before he can hope to understand the text. Even more discouraging is the author's habitual disregard of his own definitions, which frustrates constantly an attempt to apprehend his ideas, and which must raise doubts whether he actually holds ideas which can be explained and defended by the approved methods of logic. The reader finishes this book on the laws of income with an angry realization that he has been juggled with, that the terms change their significance in every place to suit the need of the author's argument. It is, of course, a wonderful thing to see a conjurer produce a rabbit from an empty silk hat. The spectator's admiration is diminished if he discovers that the performer put the rabbit in the hat before taking it out; and this is a process that Loria constantly enacts. He covers his tricks by a dazzling display of references to books in many languages, including Russian, by bold generalization from isolated facts, by a wealth of big-sounding phrases, by adeptness in the methods of all the schools. The product is a very clever imitation of a great book; but it lacks all substance of reality.

Loria distinguishes three stages in the evolution of human labor: the prehistoric, isolated labor; the historic, coercively associated labor; the stage of final equilibrium, freely associated labor. The book begins by an account of the organization of society in a period of which we have no historical knowledge, fortified by references to Hahn's "Hausthiere," Humboldt's "Nouvelle Espagne," and an article on "The Colonial Policy of Germany," published in a Russian periodical in 1906. No reference is given for a proof, by algebraical methods, of the terms on which prehistoric producers exchanged their wares. The book closes by a picture, not quite so vivid in detail, but warm and attractive in coloring, of the impending stage of economic equilibrium. The imminence of this change in the United States is shown by the institution of societies for coöperative production, and by the establishment of a coöperative mine, the Caledonia, in Michigan. "Simultaneously in the Great Republic, there come into existence all kinds of free associations, such as that of the Colonial Dames, that of the Sons of American Civilization [*sic*], and numerous workingmen's societies. Everywhere free groupings and voluntary federations arise to replace passive obedience."

If we seek to determine the value of Loria's knowledge of the unknown past and of the unknown future by a critical estimate of his knowledge of recorded history, we find him, in the handling of facts, as in the handling of theory, an unsafe guide. He has read widely, and cites references in abundance. He quotes some of the best authorities in economic history. But the spirit of their work has never touched him, and he is content, in history as in theory, to achieve his construction by piecing together unrelated fragments. He holds the old-fashioned village community theory, and cites Seebohm, of all writers, in support of its liberty and equality. He makes Vinogradoff appear to support his contention that the growth of the coercive association of labor was determined by the relative infertility of the soil. He solves the problem of mediæval serfdom by the formula V=R+x; it is hardly worth while to tell what he means by the terms of this formula, but it is of the first importance to realize that Loria explains in technical catallactic terms an organization which existed by the absence of exchange, and dissolved as economic exchange grew up. The craft gilds appear to him, even in their later period, as examples of "undifferentiated income."

Loria's position is that of the mystic, who disdains the tedious methods of the ordinary seekers after enlightenment and surrenders to the promptings of a direct personal revelation. There may be in his suggestions the germs of great truths; but this at least is certain: he gives us no *reason* to think so.

CURRENT FICTION.

Landmarks. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"If this story were told on the cinematograph"—the introductory words of Mr. Lucas's latest collection of episodes describe the novel itself and are a kind of literary confession. All his stories have been of the nature of a series of moving-picture scenes cleverly strung together without much plot or thought of construction, and all have been in their way delightful. In the first and best of them, indeed, "Over Bemerton's," the lover and his lady met in the opening scene, and played their parts with fair consistency through all the diverting incidents that followed, and the tale had also a certain wisdom of unity in diversity, lent to it by the wonderful discovery of the book of Chinese biographies, with its unfailing application to every situation of life. But the next best, we think, is this story of "Landmarks," which is just a frank succession of episodes in the career of an honest young Englishman who comes to London to find his fortune, and of course his wife. The hero, unheroic, indeed, but most likable, takes up writing, and his first book is made up of sketches of the second-hand bookshops of London and their quaint keepers. One sighs to think how much pleasure is missed because Mr. Lucas did not use the writer's adventures in that delectable land somehow as a comment on his adventures in the actual streets and among the very living people of the city. The past and the present may be so winsomely jumbled together by an author who knows old books and modern eccentrics as well as does Mr. Lucas.

But if something is missed, a great deal is found. The town and characters portrayed are a delicately etched imitation of Dickens, with the darker shadows and the forced sentiment also omitted, and with the atmosphere of Mr. Lucas's own genial Bohemianism over all. The shams are there, too, the rich and ineffective American amateur, the posing young women with luring shallow eyes, the famous authors who look, and are, so commonplace; but the satire is only fun, and subdued laughter is, after all, the more prudent way to deal with the literary cliques who have been, and may still be, disporting themselves so seriously in the palaces of profitable modern Grub Street. And the heart of the people Mr. Lucas really likes is true and their thoughts clean. Of some of these we get only momentary glimpses; others appear and reappear in many scenes; and their niceness forms the real unity of the story.

Hoof and Claw. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

In the gentle art of nature-faking, which a few years ago was becoming, at the hands of Mr. Burroughs and other literal souls, so wide an advertisement, no practitioner has been more persistent or more successful than Mr. Roberts. W. J. Long is no longer in this field, and the voice of Mr. Thompson-Seton grows fainter year by year. But Mr. Roberts is evidently prepared to work his vein to the last thread of pay ore. The market justifies him. The present sketches have all obtained the final award of publication in popular magazines. They are builded according to an apparently infallible recipe: two parts animal characteristic and habit, one part "nature," or background, and one part "pathetic fallacy." This writer is uncommonly successful in conveying an impression of the atmosphere of the wilderness, or "wild," as he prefers to say. Sometimes it is a "wild" peopled only by its native "kindreds," and the little dramas of life and death at which we are invited to assist include no human actors. But this is rare; almost always there is a human figure within range, woodsman, trapper, or voyageur, sometimes as spectator, sometimes as conscious or unconscious participant. A man is treed by an elk, and a fight that follows between the elk and a lynx is determined by a can of molasses, in the woodsman's abandoned pack. A bear-cub is adopted by a dog, and when he grows up establishes his identity by trying to wag his tail. The humor of the physical contrast between the ways of man and the ways of wild animals is made much of.

On the other hand, and of more importance, perhaps, to the popularity of this type of tale, these animals are always being presented to us in human terms. This is not done symbolically, as in the Æsop

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fables or the Kipling "Just-So Stories," but as if literally. The bear and the otter and the moose are represented as thinking and feeling, inspired by love and hate, jealousy and revenge, adjusting their conduct to unusual exigencies, putting their human adversaries to shame by the flexibility of their mental processes, and their human friends by the warmth of their attachments. This method evidently extends the field of the "nature-writer" almost without limit. More scrupulous observers, like Mr. Burroughs or Mr. Dallas Lore Sharp, must be continually observing new things to find "copy." There must be an end to mere description, whether of a lion or a tomtit. As hero of fiction, a creature with mane or tail feathers, instead of sweater or frock coat, but otherwise virtually human, what limit can be set for the usefulness of a Child of the Wild?

The Wall of Partition. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Ten years before, when Madge had dismissed him, Rodney had recklessly taken to globe-trotting and the writing of best-sellers. Poor chap, could you blame him, when Madge simply wouldn't stop to hear how a slight cerebral hemorrhage was entirely to blame for the dreadful letters displayed by the blackmailing person—not only wouldn't stop to listen, but had unfeelingly closed the door upon all possibility of explanation by precipitately marrying another man? All that he had suffered as a consequence, with stern insistence upon the devastating effects of such treatment upon masculine character, he had put into a Great Novel—a class quite apart from his best-sellers, be it understood—and published under a *nom de guerre.* This great work is just bursting upon the English-reading public when he returns to London. The loneliness of this man, who is famous under two names, in a London flat, is something sad to read about. Not a friend in town, apparently, but his publishers—his only solace a mysteriously Kind (female) Voice that calls up regularly to say good-night, with blessed tenderness, and is ere many nights entrusted with all the secrets of his heart and pen.

When the telephone friendship reaches this confidential stage, and a meeting in the flesh is proposed by the Kind Voice; when he learns that the Kind Voice's domicile adjoins his own, and rushes over to call; when Madge, the now widowed Madge, who has yearned in secret over his solitary homecoming, and availed herself of a recent change of telephone numbers to solace his loneliness—when this charming, distinguished, and still desirable Madge advances to meet him with outstretched hands, readers of the rasher sort may be led to exclaim, "Thank Heaven, this must be the end." But hold, says Mrs. Barclay, not so fast. This by no means amounts to a novel of my usual size, nor does it contain half my usual quota of Bible verses. I must needs harden my hero's heart with indignation at having been led to betray his inmost feelings over the telephone, and should this resentment not be proof against the warmth of Madge's graciousness, I will confront him with a grave moral question, to wit: Has he still the love for her that a husband should have for his wife, or would it merely be a gross piece of self-indulgence if he gave in to the lady and married her now? The solution of this poser will call for some lingering in country churchyards, and allow a motherly bishop's widow to bring into play her late husband's whole arsenal of favorite texts. Further, the story may be stretched to include a fiend of a lady who shall presume to arrogate to herself the honor of the Great Novel's authorship, and otherwise do her best to deserve a tragic taking-off, which shall be duly accorded her. Consequently, it is some time after the story is really over before Rodney and Madge are finally permitted to hang up their receivers.

A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

The Battle of the Seven Arts: A French Poem by Henri d'Andeli, Trouvère of the Thirteenth Century. Edited and translated with introduction and notes by Louis John Paetow. Memoirs of the University of California. Vol. IV, No. 1. Berkeley: University of California Press.

The quarrel between the ancients and the moderns we have always with us. Like the mythical battles of the Hjathnings, it is daily renewed with unabated vigor. It was very much alive in Horace's day, to go no further back. In his Epistle to Augustus he pleads eloquently in behalf of the moderns to a generation which had not left off preferring Ennius and Lucilius; and though for the rest of that century the moderns carried all before them, the next witnessed a reaction in favor of the ancients. And the whirligig of time has not yet done sporting with the question.

So numerous are its disguises that it does not easily submit to a formula. Even more than politics it delights in oddly assorted bedfellows and strangely matched opponents. It places a barrier between a lover of the classics like Ronsard and a lover of the classics like Boileau; it takes pleasure in beholding in seventeenth-century France ardent Catholic and equally ardent skeptic allied on the side of the moderns; it finds satisfaction in ranging scholars like Cheke and Ascham in opposition to the enrichment of the English vernacular from classical sources, leaving such important work to be done, let us say, by Gabriel Harvey; in its irony it makes Swift the defender of the ancients against Bentley.

It is of Swift's immortal "Battle of the Books" that the English reader first thinks, with its phrase "sweetness and light," which in some quarters at least was the phrase that made Matthew Arnold famous. But Swift's skit is, after all, only a precious bit of flotsam come ashore in one of the backwaters of the oceans of discussion which inundated the seventeenth century, chiefly in France. In its most philosophical moments this discussion might be regarded as a conflict between the view, sometimes at any rate, held by the ancients, of the progressive degeneracy of mankind and the view just beginning to be held by the moderns of man's perfectability. But too often, when the question did not turn on mere personalities, or a rationalistic attack, in the manner of Zoilus, on Homer, or the authenticity of the Letters of Phalaris, it did hardly more than debate whether the Christian centuries were more productive than the pagan. The cleavage was chronological, so that Perrault could claim his arch-enemy Boileau for the moderns, and Swift, following as usual the hints of Temple's "Essay," could thus carelessly slip into assigning the astonished Nicolas a command in the modern light-horse. Too often, that is, the seventeenth-century discussion was pretty much of a piece with the mediæval *certamina* between water and wine, or the adherents of knight and clerk.

In the Middle Ages themselves, however, in a manner that strikingly resembles the temper of more modern days, the debate took a more practical turn. Are the classics, since they are certainly not financially remunerative and possibly mentally corrupting, worth studying at all? was then, as now, a form of putting the question. The modern answers are sufficiently familiar, but Dr. Paetow deserves the thanks of students of literary history for his present contribution to the mediæval discussion. Already in his dissertation, "The Arts Course at Mediæval Universities," Dr. Paetow had done not a little to correct, following among others Rashdall and Haskins, a misconception concerning the uniform opacity of the centuries between the fall of Rome and the fall of Constantinople. He has helped to make clearer that the quickened intellectual interests of Western Europe at the close of the eleventh and twelfth centuries found expression not only in a renewed study of law, medicine, and dialectic, in the foundation of universities, and in the rise of a brilliant vernacular literature, but also in the cultivation of classical studies, to such an extent that John of Salisbury could obtain, as part of the varied course he pursued at Chartres, a training in Latin literature scarcely inferior to that offered by the universities of the Reformation.

Even at Paris, too, from Abelard to John Garland, Latin authors received some attention, but Paris was too far gone in dialectic, especially since the recovery of the "new" Aristotle, to take much interest in the new Humanism. Indeed, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Humanism, as always, was on the defensive, and presently a combination of other interests choked its fair promise. Among the causes of the decay of classical studies, deeply lamented by men like John of Salisbury, Peter of Blois, Jean de Hauteville, and Alexander Neckam, Dr. Paetow points out the absorbing fascination exerted by logic, the attractions of science, the drift towards the lucra-

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tive professions of law and medicine, the popularity of modern, that is contemporary, neo-Latin literature, and a certain amount of clerical uneasiness touching the possible usefulness and the probable dangers of meddling with the ancients. In result, classical studies entered upon an almost total eclipse in the thirteenth century. To Petrarch's century it looked as if things had uniformly been in their desperate case since Rome fell, and ever since the world has been often too ready to accept at its face value that very suspicious commodity—one age's judgments concerning its more or less immediate predecessors.

In Henri d'Andeli's poem, which Dr. Paetow sumptuously lays before us, this unavailing struggle of humanism against the more brilliant and more practical interests of the day is vividly recorded. In method it is an astonishingly spirited anticipation of Swift. The combat is between the forces of Paris, commanded, as we should expect, by Logic, and those of Orleans, one of the last strongholds of classical studies, under the leadership of Grammar. Homer, Claudian, Donatus, Persius, and Priscian, together with some less noteworthy contemporaries of the poet, encounter the Parisian forces, among them Common and Civil Law, Rhetoric (a highly practical study, then much affected by men of legal inclination), avaricious physicians, Necromancy, Astrology, Arithmetic, Geometry, and Music; Theology meanwhile had withdrawn to the wine cellars of Paris. Donatus strikes Plato, and Aristotle Priscian. Thereupon Persius, Juvenal, Horace, Vergil, Lucan, Statius, Sedulius, Propertius, Prudentius, Arator, Homer, and Terence all set on Aristotle. To his assistance rush Boethius, Macrobius, Porphyry, and some of his own works. Meanwhile Grammar does deadly execution with a participle and the point of her adverb, but is finally discomfited by Socrates, because she cannot answer all his questions, and the forces of Logic carry the day, leaving a number of neo-Latin authors dead on the field. Then the rear guard is brought into action under the command of "Primat" of Orleans and Ovid, with such success that Logic sends a message to Grammar which the ignorant scion of Logic was, to his shame, unable to expound. But on his return Logic comforted him and took him to her high tower:

> Si le voloit fere voler
> Ançois que il peüst aler.

At this point the general confusion is reflected in the state of the MS; one almost looks for Swift's *nonnulla desunt*. Grammar, it appears, withdraws to Egypt and Sir Versifying is honored only among the Bretons and Germans (perhaps said in bitter jest). But Henri boldly prophesies that the next thirty years will see a generation that will go back to Grammar, as was the case when he was born. Nearly thrice that time elapsed before his bold prophecy was fulfilled. The present edition contains text and translation, with full illustrative notes and handsome photographic reproductions of the two extant manuscripts.

THEORIES OF TEXTUAL CRITICISM.

Recent Developments in Textual Criticism. By Albert C. Clark. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1 shilling.

The Primitive Text of the Gospels and Acts. By Albert C. Clark. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 4 shillings.

The newly appointed Corpus Professor of Latin at Oxford has published, in the first of the works under review, his inaugural lecture. After paying fitting tribute to his famous predecessor, Robinson Ellis, he touches on various matters with which the textual critic of to-day must reckon. He shows how Latin palæography as revolutionized by Traube must examine national and local scripts with a minuteness not known before; how the history of the transmission of texts has thus acquired a new definiteness; how an attitude of conservatism is fostered by an increasing knowledge of the history of texts and the practices of the mediæval scribes; how the study of the papyri induces an increased respect for manuscripts of even the latest date; and how the nature of the prose-rhythm employed by ancient and mediæval writers must be familiar to the editor of a text. These are the chief topics lucidly discussed in what at first might seem too technical a discourse for the occasion. They lead up to a matter of very general interest. Starting with certain peculiarities in the text of Cicero, a subject in which Professor Clark is an acknowledged expert, he applies results gained there to well-known problems in the text of the New Testament. A fuller presentation of his views is given in the second of the works before us.

Readers of the revised version of the New Testament who do not relish the brackets enclosing the beautiful story told by St. John (vii, 53-viii, 1) of the woman taken in adultery will approve Professor Clark's thesis. It is that this passage and others of doubted genuineness, notably the ending of St. Mark's Gospel (xvi, 9-20) are all contained in the primitive text and were omitted merely by the negligence of scribes. Since in the ancient majuscule codices the script was written continuously, without division into words, we can often calculate with some certainty, as Professor Clark has shown in the case of Cicero's works, the contents of lines or leaves or quires of an ancestral manuscript. After elaborately counting the letters in many passages of the New Testament, he attempts to show that the primitive text was written in narrow columns with lines, on the average, of ten or eleven letters. Many of the shorter omissions are intelligible on such an hypothesis, and the larger omissions contain like units or multiples of like units. Thus the story of the angel at the pool of Bethesda (St. John v, 4, only in the "Western" text) contains 167 letters, an addition of the Western text in St. Luke v, 14, contains 166, another such addition after St. Matthew xx, 28, has 320, the story of the adulteress 829, and the ending of St. Mark 964. The larger figures are, nearly enough, multiples of the smallest, and all the passages can be easily arranged in lines with an average of ten or eleven letters. Over a hundred fragments of text, large and small, from the Gospels exhibit the workings of what the author calls a decimal system. Though many of these passages are wanting in the oldest manuscripts, they are abundantly represented in the Western group and form part, Professor Clark believes, of the original text. Why, then, are they not in the older manuscripts? Origen and the Alexandrians, adhering to the methods of the ancient Homeric critics and possessing a keen scent for interpolations, detected evidence for these in what were merely accidental omissions from the primitive text. Collating their material, they prepared a new and "scientific" edition which replaced the primitive text, best represented by the Western group, just as Westcott and Hort have replaced the *textus receptus* on the parson's shelf to-day. This is a highly attractive theory which receives apparent support from history, common-sense, and minute statistics. It makes protest against those modern critics who, like Marcion, would copy the scriptures rather with the sword than with the pen.

Professor Clark is well aware that the problem is delicate, many-sided, and not to be solved by arithmetic alone. He purposely restricts his treatment to mechanical considerations to which insufficient attention has been paid. Restricting our judgment to such data, we find that even they must be further elucidated to become significant. Any passage can be readily divided into parts as minute as lines of eleven letters, which may sometimes sink to nine or rise to twelve. One need not count the letters in all the New Testament or any part of it to be sure of this result. Many of the smaller omissions are single words with *και* or are very short phrases or end in the same words or syllables which have immediately preceded. In all such cases scribes frequently omit, whatever the length of the line. We turn for a real test, therefore, to the larger units—columns and pages and leaves. If the passage in St. Luke v, 14 (166 letters) and that in St. John v, 4 (167 letters) represent columns, then the ending of St. Mark (964) occupied a leaf with three columns on a page. This seems a promising clue, which other scholars have suspected before. If there were another such case, we could perhaps verify the theory by grouping the intervening letters into an exact number of leaves. Unfortunately, the next longest passage, St. John vii, 53-viii, 11 (829) makes only five columns. It is not easy to see why a scribe should omit a page and two-thirds. Was the primitive text, then, in the form of a roll, not a book? In this case five columns could as readily be lost as six. But Professor Clark makes it probable that the original volume was not a papyrus roll. He further seeks to explain certain possible transpositions in the fifth, sixth, and sev-

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enth chapters of St. John on the basis of columns of 168 letters. The sections of text concerned are *a* (33 columns), *b*+*c* (26 columns), and *d* (6 columns). The present order, if we must suppose it a wrong order, is *b*, *a*, *d*, *c*. How to account for the change in terms of shifting leaves is a mystery. If, as before, we calculate six columns to the leaf, *d* makes a leaf, but the other sections are incommensurate. The results for the Acts, in which there are no long passages to consider, seem somewhat surer: at least, certain of the added readings in the Western text appear too good for a glossator.

Thus after a perusal of these careful statistics, we are left with a few interesting possibilities and a welter of uncertainties. After attempting a few countings of letters to test the method, the reviewer feels in danger of the condition attributed to St. Paul: *τὰ πολλά με γράμματα εἰς μανίαν περιτρέπει.* Professor Clark asks us to suspend judgment until the publication of his latest studies in the text of Cicero. This we do, registering for the moment an opinion of *non liquet* as to his primitive text of the Gospels and the Acts.

Gift Books

From the press of Hodder & Stoughton, imported by George H. Doran, we have received some extremely artistic reprints. Henry Newbolt's stirring collection of poems of the sea, published under the title of the initial poem, "Drake's Drum," has, appropriately to present circumstances, been republished in a handsome holiday edition with a dozen spirited illustrations in color by A. D. McCormick. From the same house comes a welcome edition (we believe the first published) of that masterly little dramatic preachment and satire of J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton"—by the way, is it not time for an American revival of this play? The format of the volume is worthy of its matter, and the plentiful illustrations, in color and line, are from the graceful brush and pen of Hugh Thomson. We associate this artist more with the dainty designs of the period of wigs and powder than with the dress of to-day, or, in this case, of yesterday, and though these drawings are facile and pleasing, it must be admitted that he is happier when dealing with "costume" subjects. It is pleasant also to find a new edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield" (Holt) among the season's publications, and one hopes that it may portend a revival of interest in a masterpiece and its author too much neglected in these days. The volume is handsomely got up, and the numerous illustrations, many of them in color, by Edmund J. Sullivan, reflect delightfully the spirit of the work.

A particularly sumptuous volume is the new edition of the late Andrew Lang's "Oxford" (Philadelphia: Lippincott; $3 net). Not, perhaps, since Lamb, from the standpoint of the humble layman, wrote of "Oxford in the Vacation," has any writer caught and set down the spirit of Oxford, the charm of her history, with such sympathy as did Andrew Lang, writing with an intimate view, in the present volume. The sixteen full-page illustrations in color by George F. Carline are both worthy of the text and are in themselves paintings of exceptional beauty. For any lover of Oxford this is a book to recall rare memories; and for any lover of good books it is one to handle with fondness.

From Hodder & Stoughton (Doran) we have received, in a handsome edition, "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," which is a collection of stories of primitive folk, for the most part reprinted from Sir G. W. Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse." Such titles as "The Lassie and Her Godmother," "The Lad Who Went to the North Wind," and "The Three Princesses of Whiteland" will bring back to readers at all familiar with Scandinavian legends the peculiar flavor of Northern sagas. In no other folk-tales is there quite this combination of pensiveness, eeriness, and good human striving for better things. The illustrations by Kay Nielsen, who knows Scandinavia first-hand, have a strong intermixture of poetry, and sometimes show a surprising daintiness, suggestive indeed of Japanese drawings. Hodder & Stoughton (Doran) also send to this country a charming edition of "Sindbad, the Sailor and Other Stories from the Arabian Nights." It goes without saying that the artist, Edmund Dulac, has chosen the familiar, though never trite, episodes for his illustrations. In addition to Sindbad's experiences with the whale, the rokh, and the snake, much is made of Aladdin's adventures, of "The Story of the Three Calenders," and of "The Sleeper Awakened." Altogether, this is a most satisfactory gift-book. Adults, as well as children, will rejoice that John Galsworthy's "Memories" has been brought out specially for the season (Scribner; $1.50 net). He must be a stout hater of dogs who does not find pleasure in the black shaggy "Chris" as he emerges both from the text and from excellent illustrations by Maud Earl. We are tempted to say that the artist understands the ways of dogs quite as well as the author, and in her own manner can express them as vividly.

Laurence Hope's excellent adaptation of "India's Love Lyrics" is issued with holiday embellishment by John Lane Company ($5 net). The sensuous beauty of the text is generally known, and of itself presents striking visual images. For this reason the task of the artist, Byam Shaw, was particularly difficult, but he has contented himself with symbolic figures, which, though highly colored and at times a trifle stiff, are sufficiently vague not to interfere with one's preconceptions, while at the same time being decorative. "Lohengrin" is this year added to the stories made famous by Wagner which have been placed in the holiday list. The text of T. W. Rolleston is used, and the artist is Willy Pogány, the excellence of whose work has become thoroughly familiar to readers during the past few years. Full justice is, of course, done to the delectable swan, who even on the stage as a mechanical device is never quite rid of personality. This is a satisfying book to pick up in odd moments (Crowell; $5 net).

R. L. Stevenson's "Fables" come to us from the press of Scribner in an edition decorated by E. R. Herman.

After the thirty-second chapter of "Treasure Island" [the book begins], two of the puppets strolled out to have a pipe before business should begin again, and met in an open place not far from the story.

And then begins the tales told by the author, Cap'n Smollett, and Silver. The love of Stevenson still continues, and readers will welcome this book. "Our Sentimental Garden" of Agnes and Egerton Castle comes from the press of Lippincott ($1.75 net), with illustrations by Charles Robinson, mostly in black-and-white, but some of them gayly colored. The book offers a pleasant retreat to those whose experience with gardens in winter must be vicarious.

The season would hardly be complete without an edition of Dickens's "A Christmas Carol." This comes to us from the press of David McKay (Philadelphia; $1.50 net), attractively illustrated in line and color by A. I. Keller. Henry Holt & Co. publish a very handsome edition of "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream," with bold type, wide margins, and a most attractive cover. There are twelve colored plates and sixteen illustrations in line by W. Heath Robinson, who has found here a subject admirably suited to his whimsical fancy and his delicate and skilful draughtsmanship. A glance through "The Kipling Calendar" (Sully & Kleinteich; 50 cents net) raises the doubt whether Kipling is adapted for the purposes of a calendar. Certainly not very many pages reveal the helpful touch which it is the mission of calendars to supply for every day in the year. The same firm publishes "The Dinner Calendar," by Fannie Merritt Farmer, and "The Dickens Calendar."

Notes

We have received the second number for 1914 of the *American Oxonian*. This magazine, which represents the interests of Rhodes scholars, past, present, and prospective, of the United States, is a new venture started last April. Beginning with January next year, it will be published quarterly, under the editorship of Frank Aydelotte, Bloomington, Indiana. The subscription will be $1 a year. The first issue of the new year, it is stated, will be especially designed as a handbook for prospective Rhodes scholars. The intent of a publication of this kind stands in no need of commendation. There are already four hundred Rhodes scholars in this country, and thirty are added annually to their number. Nevertheless, there is prevalent, not only among laymen, but in the schools and universities, a wide misconception and not a little prejudice regarding the purposes and benefits of the endowment. One of the objects of the *American Oxonian* will be to dissipate this cloud of misunderstanding. An excellent start in this direction is made in the present number in a most interesting symposium on "The Lack of Competition for the Rhodes Scholarships." Not only for ex-Rhodes scholars, but for educationalists in schools and colleges who come into contact with those who might like to compete for the scholarships, if they properly understood the advantages of the endowment, this new quarterly should prove invaluable.

The second volume of the Report of the Commissioner of Education for the year ending June 30, 1913, contains the statistics, running to 600 closely printed pages, covering "57 States, Territories, and possessions of

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the United States, approximately 1,200 cities, 14,000 high schools, 900 kindergarten systems, and 1,000 private kindergartens, 1,150 colleges, universities, and professional schools," and so on, to "675 summer schools, 1,000 museums, 15,000 libraries, and several thousand educational associations and societies." The report deals with the facts relating to the school attendance of more than 25,000,000 children (and adults), and the expenditure of three-quarters of a billion of dollars. No wonder that the Commissioner remarks that he does not know of any other agency which "attempts with so little money to collect, compile, digest, and interpret so large and varied a mass of statistics from so wide a territory." The convenience of the two volumes would have been greatly increased at slight additional care, by making the index at the end of the second volume cover both, instead of providing each with its own index.

In "English Literature Through the Ages" (Stokes; $2 net) Amy Cruse endeavors by telling the stories of individual books from "Beowulf" to "Catriona" to set up "a series of bright lights, which, . . . although they do not mark every winding and every change of level, yet do show the main features and general outline of the road" of English literary history. Addressed as it is to the four million, the author makes many simplifications in her narrative—as, that "Tamburlaine" marks the beginning of Elizabethan drama, and that Marlowe (with no mention of Nashe) wrote "Dido of Carthage," a title which is obviously a modern improvement over "The Tragedie of *Dido Queene of Carthage.*" Incidentally she is able to settle many questions which have occasioned extended debate among scholars; we are informed, for example, that "about six months after *Dr. Faustus* was put upon the stage, another play dealing with the same subject was produced by Robert Greene." The statement not only throws a flood of light upon the character of "The Honorable Historie of frier Bacon and frier Bongay," but will keep any one from bothering himself further about its date. With all of this certitude on moot points, however, there is too little illumination from the "bright lights" along the road. A summary of each book, of no particular distinction, many interesting heterogeneous facts about the authors' lives, a few critical—but not too critical—remarks on various productions, three score of portraits and other illustrations—these hardly furnish a unique contribution to human wisdom or happiness.

Half a century ago Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire published the third edition of his deservedly praised "Le Buddha et sa religion." A translation of this work has just been issued by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. (Dutton; $1.25 net), devoid of any indication that "The Buddha and His Religion" is not a modern work. Worse than this, the old notes, good fifty years ago and well-nigh useless now, are still retained without addition or correction. We mention this chronological absurdity only to warn readers against it. As a specimen of the value of the book to-day may be cited the note on p. 133: "Burnouf has translated some of the most important Jātakas."

Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money must be classified as a State Socialist—if he is to be classified at all. The opening chapters of "The Future of Work" (London: Fisher Unwin; 6*s.* net) are a powerful argument for the "Great State" as the best means of obtaining proper economic results for all. According to his preface, "The paucity of output by our competitive system, after more than a century of production by power, is demonstrated, and an attempt is made to outline an industrial system calculated to yield a full harvest to science while securing for the individual, albeit in an organized society, a maximum of personal liberty." This is the theme of a large part of his book. Whatever may be the reader's views on the subject of Socialism—state or otherwise—he can hardly fail to be impressed by the author's indictment of present productive methods on the score of their inefficiency. Even if all that Mr. Money undertakes to demonstrate be not wholly demonstrated, enough remains to give one food for serious thought as to whether, on the whole, free and unrestrained competition in production and sale of commodities *is* quite the best way to bring the greatest good to the greatest number. One need not, however, be a Socialist—nor even a "Great-Stater"—to see good in coöperation carried to lengths much greater than anything yet actually tried. Perhaps we can learn something to our advantage by going part of the way with Mr. Money on these matters, without following him to his goal. Later chapters in his book, viz., on Gold Supply and Gold Prices (wherein he acquits the yellow metal of being anything worse than partial accessory to the "high cost of living") and on the Single Tax (which he handles not merely "without gloves," but positively with "brass knuckles") are interesting and provocative of discussion.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have brought out, in attractive form, "The Story of Our Navy" ($1.50 net), by William O. Stevens, a professor of English at the United States Naval Academy. Whether such a book was needed, in view of its many precursors of similar nature, and whether it fully redeems the promise of its Introduction to present its subject in its larger aspects may be questioned, but the oft told tale loses nothing in Mr. Stevens's repetition. The work is carefully done. Its results are commendable for general accuracy of statement, the few errors noted being unimportant. It would have been well to mention the indispensable part played by the "Advisory Board" of 1881 and 1882 in recreating the navy; to give further details of Commander Sicards's ingenious measures to preserve the lives of the Saginaw's crew when cast away on Ocean Island; and to describe Commander W. B. Cushing's vigorous action in Santiago de Cuba at the time of the Virginius affair, action only less praiseworthy than the sinking of the Albemarle. To the author's association with Capt. G. R. Clark is doubtless due the account of the latter's repairing and operating the Tientsin railway during the Boxer troubles—an excellent instance of energy and resource. The Naval Chronicle is an admirable feature. But why did a professor of English descend so frequently to a flippant, not to say slangy, style, even if he was writing for boys?

An amiable specimen of eclectic thinking is E. F. Carritt's "The Theory of Beauty" (Macmillan; $2). Various philosophies of the beautiful he explains and criticises "in respect of their harmony with those facts of æsthetic consciousness which it was their business to explain." From the hedonistic-moral theories of Plato, Tolstoy, and Ruskin to Lipps's theory of *Einfühlung*, from the realistic-typical theory of Aristotle to the expressionist theory of Croce, he everywhere finds some soul of goodness in things evil. His exposition is presided over by a nice sense of proportion. Kant and Hegel, though classed as intellectualists, he discusses in separate chapters, while the emotionalists Nietzsche and Schopenhauer he disposes of in a single chapter. The Italian critic and philosopher, Benedetto Croce, he accords the honor of the longest and most significant chapter, avowing candidly: "I believe that a greater amount of truth is contained in Croce's *Estetica* than in any other philosophy of beauty I ever read." This estimate does not deter him from making sly thrusts at Croce's efforts to combine elements of Schopenhauer and Hegel, nor does it prevent him from directing an assault at the citadel of his whole system, that is, the identification of intuition and expression. It must be confessed that the undertaking does not issue in conspicuous victory, because in executing it he adopts a realist position that Croce would instantly reject as untenable and inconsistent with his philosophy. Indeed, it reveals the chief weakness of the entire review of æsthetic thought from Greece to Germany. He confesses that "many metaphysical ghosts slumber uneasily in the surrounding shadows," but he nowhere seeks to conjure them by defining his own bias as realist. However, he has the excuse of aiming at no ultimate philosophy, of proceeding on the belief that "problems, like temptations, will be always with us." For the layman the procedure is probably an advantage. Certainly the writer's winning modesty, his mastery of the original languages of the thinkers criticised, his evident appreciation of the intuitive views of the poets, his catholic temper, will render his lucidly and brightly presented exposition of various æsthetic systems a welcome introduction to the subject.

"The General Federation of French Workers has never failed to smooth out any international complications which have arisen. Let us recall the serious tension which existed in the year 1900, between the English and the French nations; that between France and Germany in 1911; the Balkan war in 1912, and, lastly, the campaign which we have waged in France against the reintroduction of the three years of military service." "In their thoughts and aims the German and British workers are one." These statements, made last year at the Trades Unions' Congress in Manchester by the French and the German delegates, respectively, are quoted towards the end of Prof. Adam W. Kirkaldy's little book, "Economics and Syndicalism" (Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature; 40 cents net). For reasons that need not be given, their interest is greater now than when they were spoken. The title of the book does not accurately define it, for it is a sketch, after a fashion, of the development of economic thought from Aristotle to the Syndicalists, with the object of making out a case against both Socialism and Syndicalism. Other recent volumes of special timeliness in this series are "The Royal Navy," in which John Leyland traces the influence of the British fleet upon British history, and "Military History," by the Hon. J. W. Fortesque. "The Sun," by Dr. R. A. Sampson, gives the present position of ascertained fact and intelligent theory regarding that important body; "Coal Mining," by T. C. Cantrill,

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sets forth the history and methods of one industry, and H. R. Procter's "The Making of Leather" does the same for another.

A writer in the *Bulletin Critique,* reviewing a book on Bernadotte, says: "This drama has no prologue." The prologue in question Mr. D. Plunket Barton proposes to supply in "Bernadotte: The First Phase; 1763-1799" (Scribners). Here, then, we have a biography with a *raison d'être*—by no means an invariable accessory to modern lucubrations of the kind. That the work is very well done it is only just to premise. Contemporary records have been ransacked, and the result may be regarded as definitive so far as candid and conscientious research can make it. For us the book is chiefly interesting as answering, in a large measure, the author's own question: "How did it come about that this exranker from Gascony, this child of the revolution, bred as he had been in barracks and battlefields, succeeded, during more than thirty years, in charming the aristocratic court of Sweden as their Crown Prince and King?" Born at Pau, birthplace of Henry IV, of a bourgeois family, Bernadotte enlisted in 1780, was captain in January, 1794, and general of division in November of the same year. A born leader of men, he fought his country's battles in Belgium and Italy, served as Ambassador and later as Minister of War, until, after the *coup d'état* of Brumaire, he fell for a time under the shadow of Bonaparte's predominance.

It was in connection with the *coup d'état* of Fructidor that Bernadotte first made acquaintance with politics. At this critical moment "Bernadotte seul se montra modéré," says Sorel, adding significantly, "était-ce instinct de roi latent?" And this moderation—shall we say decency?—had distinguished him throughout his early military career. He alone of the republican generals treated the conquered with restraint and humanity. His soldiers of the Sambre et Meuse were nicknamed "messieurs"—which gave considerable offence when they joined the "citoyens" of the army of Italy. The fiasco of his embassy to Vienna brought upon him much obloquy, but his tact and urbanity gained him personal respect which stood him in good stead afterwards. When *coups d'état* were in active progress he always contrived to be elsewhere—a fact which has not been accounted to him for righteousness by patriotic historians. But he was a hater of disorder and a firm upholder of the powers that be—at this period of his career, at all events. This attitude logically explains the position he took at the time of the *coup d'état* of Brumaire, when he stipulated that he would act if called upon by the Legislature. The call was not forthcoming, and Bernadotte remained in the background. Yet his was no self-seeking policy. "He is honest," said Bonaparte. "But for his obstinacy, my brothers would have bought him over." "A typical Bearnais—brave, resourceful, impetuous in action, cautious in affairs . . . If he had self-love, he had also 'self-reverence' and 'self-control,' qualities which Tennyson ranks among the forces that 'lead life to sovereign power.' In the end they led his life to sovereign power."

Six years ago some women members of the Fabian Society formed the "Fabian Women's Group" to study the matter of woman's economic position with regard to Socialism. In "Women Workers in Seven Professions" (Dutton; $2) Miss Edith J. Morley, professor of English at University College, Reading (England), has collected and edited seven essays, each dealing with a profession employing women in England. These professions are teaching, medicine, nursing (including midwifery and massage), health visiting, civil service, clerkship, and acting. Miss Morley explains that this volume is the first of what she expects will be a series in which the results of the six years' work of the Group will be given to the public. The essays now published are in the main the substance of lectures given to members of the Group and other women by women of experience and have brought together a mass of information not heretofore collected in convenient form. It is impossible to summarize in a few lines the content of such a volume—which consists, indeed, mainly of facts and figures—but Miss Morley in her preface points out that almost all the contributors agree upon certain fundamental things, and "definitely express the conviction that women need economic independence and political emancipation. . . . The writers are unanimous in their insistence upon the importance—to men as well as women—of equal pay for work irrespective of sex" (p. xv). The attempt to exclude married women from professions is also vigorously rejected. The book is excellently documented, and reflects much credit upon the authors of the various essays—as upon the editor herself—for the calm and scientific spirit that it displays.

"Nature," "Society and Solitude," "Heroes and Hero-Worship," "Morals," "Literature and Democracy"—so run the essays collected under the general heading, "The Spirit of Life" (Mitchell Kennerley; $1.50 net). Either the author does not fear comparisons, or he is indifferent to them. And indeed these pages are free from imitativeness or emulation. Moreover, a comparison of their writer, Mowry Saben, with Carlyle or Emerson would be as much out of place as a comparison between, let us say, Mr. G. S. Viereck and Longfellow or Lowell. Mr. Saben happens to be a professional "editorial-writer," but these papers are not reprinted leaders, nor do they carry the smell of the sanctum. There are more distinct traces of his extended university training in America, England, and Germany; these are the essays of a student of philosophy rather than of a newspaper man. But they are the work of a consciously "modern" thinker, a person a little impatient with the inefficient past and defiant of the smug present. He is fond of such utterances as this: "The higher morality is never conventional. It is never Puritan, it is never Philistine. For the highest morality has to bid defiance to custom in order to get the sweetness of poetry and music out of life. . . . The moral man is the man who is right when God measures him, not when his neighbors measure him. A great soul will always seem immoral to the bulk of his contemporaries, if they succeed in probing into his essence." There is, of course, a kind of transcendentalism in this, as in: "All reform means liberation; it means a new freedom somewhere. When we shall have secured the free mind and the free body, the task of the reformer will be over. The Conservative and the Radical will then be as one." Or on a more mystical plane, in this final sentence of the book: "If in our highest ideals we may find the real meaning of our personal lives, because they are the quintessence of the spiritual universe, whose avatars we should be, then there is nothing too glorious for the heart of man to conceive." The book is by no means all in this vein of speculation, there is much plain speaking upon concrete matters of life and conduct; and the writer chooses more than once to lead his readers, in the name of freedom, upon decidedly boggy ground. With that passage, for example, which he hopes will "shock a great many people," he may have his wish; we are not clear that they will earn the name Philistine by turning from the ideals and the logic of a writer capable of pronouncements like this: "It will not do for the man or woman who indulge [*sic*] from necessity their hetero-sexual tastes to throw stones at the man or woman who indulge from necessity their homo-sexual tastes. One might as well stone a painter because he is not a sculptor, or a sculptor because he is not a painter."

When we read, for example, that, since ninety-five per cent. of the crimes committed remain unpunished, while fifty per cent. of business men come to bankruptcy, therefore crime promises a more prosperous career than honest business, and that, since appointee-judges are accessible to venal influences, therefore hereditary judgeships will be a guarantee of purity, we are tempted to drop the book in disgust. By such logical irresponsibilities and dull-pointed paradoxes does Emile Faguet, in "The Dread of Responsibility" (Putnam; translated by Emily James Putnam; $1.25 net) satirize and condemn the average Frenchman's aversion to a sporting view of life. Yet, logic apart, his argument is not wholly without substance. Whether French judges are more slavishly bound to law and precedent than our own, we shall not pretend to say—to American institutions, which he calls republican rather than democratic, M. Faguet is everywhere gratifyingly, but rather inconsistently, deferential. But the average Frenchman's preference for "a title and a salary," however small, his dread of more than two children, his anxiety for his daughter's *dot* and for a moneyed husband to match it, his attempt to establish a political system which shall work automatically—all these point to a smug and rather mean view of life which is apt to result in stagnation. On the other hand, M. Faguet seems to forget that responsibility points in two directions: towards initiative, and, at the same time, towards solidity. And recent events should be enough to convince him that France is not yet stagnant, nor has democracy issued in cowardice.

Of Hans Breitmann and his ballads many Americans have first heard through Kipling's praise; and while the humorous songs of this German-American "gentleman who drinks, fights, and plunders" have run through numerous editions in England, they have been so neglected in this country as to be available only in the original, poorly edited volumes published by a firm in Philadelphia in the middle of the last century. One reason for this neglect was the cloud cast over the career of Breitmann's creator, Charles Godfrey Leland, as champion of the Indian and as educational reformer, by the persistent confounding of his personality with that of the uproarious Hans;

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for his sensitiveness on this score prevented his ever making an effort to revive the publication of the ballads in America. It was contemporary history, moreover, which gave them much of their early popularity, for Breitmann as soldier and "bummer," politician and globe-trotter, did a great deal to sustain the country's cheerfulness through the dark days of the Civil War period. Those who appreciate the fact that Breitmann was a worthy follower of Hosea Biglow and more than a worthy forerunner of Mr. Dooley, and that the ballads unite a real philosophy with a Falstaffian humor, will be pleased by the issue of a definitive American edition under the editorship of Leland's biographer, Elizabeth Robins Pennell (Houghton Mifflin; $7.50 net). There are notes on many of the ballads as well as a careful bibliographical introduction, and paper and binding are worthy a memorial edition.

Detached from their romantic past, the heyday and goal of European adventure, the Spice Islands have hitherto flourished outside the tourist radius, though, thanks to Wallace, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, and the islands of the archipelago have long been the hunting ground of the naturalist. Centuries before Paris was ravished by the beautiful plumes of the bird of paradise Chinese traders were gathering them for their own mandarins, and have since virtually effected a "corner" in their export to Europe. Under the benign government of the lethargic Dutch the population of the islands has increased enormously, and, favored by the fertilizing ejecta of their volcanoes, the islanders, with a minimum of effort, flourish through the advantages derived from prodigal Nature. Indeed, Mr. J. Macmillan Brown in "The Dutch East" (London: Kegan Paul; $3.50 net), sees in this benefit the economic demoralization of the native. Despite the polyglot nature of the races, Javanese, Malay, Polynesian tribes, Hindu, Chinese, and even Japanese, the tongue of the wily Malay is the official native language.

JUVENILE BOOKS—I.

There is no indication of an immediate change in the trend of children's literature; in fact, fashions seem to have settled down into a deeper rut than usual, and the only new note sounded is that of war. "The Story of Our Army for Young Americans" (Dodd, Mead), is much more an historical survey of our important wars than a description of the elements constituting our army in the crucial periods of its history. Willis J. Abbot, however, writes well, and the accounts of the Revolution and the Civil War are full and graphic. "The Boy's Book of Famous Regiments" (McBride), is by the illustrator, H. A. Ogden, assisted by H. A. Hitchcock. It recounts the history and exploits of the regiments of all countries, and, as an up-to-date feature, the final chapter deals with some regiments of Europe in the Great War of 1914. Perhaps the most ambitious volume among the many advertised is "The Boys' Book of Battles" (Houghton Mifflin), a collection of exciting stories and poems taken from literature, and arranged in a most spirited anthology. Good reproductions of many historical paintings embellish an altogether well-made book. In fiction, a story like Donal H. Haines's "The Last Invasion" (Harper) is calculated to raise comment, for it is the prediction of a future war between the United States and a Blue Army, much resembling one of the armies now at war, in which at first we get the worst of it, but finally, thanks to our aeroplanes and dirigibles, come out victors.

For the theorists who yearly discuss what young people like to read, and what are the best sources for teachers, mothers, and librarians to go to for information, we have Orton Lowe's "Literature for Children" (Macmillan). Of practical assistance to the story-teller will be Frances Jenkins Olcott's "Good Stories for Great Holidays" (Houghton Mifflin), a perfect storehouse of selections, from Xenophon and the *Gesta Romanorum* to Abbie Farwell Brown.

Edward Cave's "The Boy's Camp Book" (Doubleday) will find its immediate public. For the author, instead of theorizing, has made an exact record, based on an encampment of a Boy Scout troop. The consequence is that all one wishes to know about health, equipment, discipline, cooking, and fun is contained in this handy little volume. "Indian Scout Talks" (Little, Brown) will be as eagerly read by the Camp Fire Girls as by their brethren; it makes available some of Charles A. Eastman's own Indian experiences. The spirit of "The Boy Scout" (Scribner) is excellently caught in a rapidly moving short story by Richard Harding Davis.

When we touch on the Boy Scout movement we touch on nearly all the fiction that is written nowadays for children; that type runs neck and neck with the college story, and is becoming just as conventional. The practical book is likewise serviceable to the Boy Scouter and the Girl Camp Firer. "Harper's Book for Young Gardeners" (Harper), therefore, is likely to be found in many camps next spring and summer. A. Hyatt Verrill should know exactly what information the youngster is most likely to seek, for he has had wide experience in preparing the "How to Make" kind of manual. This season's book takes up gardening of all sorts: the garden for profit, the garden for ornament, the garden practical. No soil should be too discouraging to the reader of this complete guide!

The reprints and special volumes for the young are fewer than usual. A rich edition of "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales" (Harper) has been copiously illustrated by Louis Rhead. This is one of a series which should be called to the attention of shoppers. "The Arabian Nights" (Rand, McNally) is newly illustrated by Milo Winter in a series of color plates of certain grotesque excellence. Whoever edited the volume is a believer in footnotes to explain various words and passages. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"—perennial joy since Charles Dodgson penned it fifty years ago—comes to us from the press of Hodder & Stoughton, in new dress and with new illustrations by A. E. Jackson. The latter are excellent in draughtsmanship and coloring; there is humor, too, in their conception and composition, and even at times a reminiscent flavor of the original immortal characters of old Tenniel. Strictly speaking, they are both more beautiful and more artistic than were Tenniel's drawings, but they lack his joyous inspiration, and we do not like them half so well. "The Jackdaw of Rheims" appears in a gorgeous edition (Winston; $3 net). Twelve handsome color plates and numerous pen-and-ink drawings by Charles Folkard show us the progress of the mystery of the loss of the cardinal's ring in a way that enhances the fun of this immortal Ingoldsby Legend.

From the Oxford University Press comes in one volume, simply but beautifully printed, Hawthorne's "Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales," with colored illustrations.

An interesting edition of "Andersen's Fairy Tales" (Doubleday) has been illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker, who has taken the pains to explain many of his conceptions in fantastical language totally out of accord with the simplicity of the stories themselves. The pen drawings and decorations, rather than the colored full-pages, are distinctive, though at times the details are overcrowded. The Every Child Should Know series has grown to important proportions in the reissue of the "Myths" volume (Doubleday), illustrated by Mary Hamilton Frye. The typography and format of the volume are commendable, and the contents are well chosen. A large, roomy, splendid edition of Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age" is issued by John Lane. R. J. E. Moony's illustrations for it are disappointing, but the cover design is enough to set one dreaming. Without reservation we may recommend the charming volumes in E. P. Dutton's half-dollar series of Tales for Children from Many Lands, of which sixteen are announced and half a dozen have reached us. Bound in blue, green, and gold and with plenty of colored illustrations the books are an exceptional bargain at the price. The titles are "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights," "Water Babies," "Hans Christian Andersen," Harriet Martineau's "Feats of the Fiord," for which Arthur Rackman has done the pictures, and the delightful "Pinocchio." Even better than Rackman's pictures we like Maxwell Armfield in the Andersen volume. Mr. Armfield has done a rare thing in looking at the characters of fairyland as a realist. Pleasing, too, are Margaret W. Tarrant's pictures in the "Water Babies."

Longmans, Green elected Henry Newbolt as the successor to Andrew Lang in their holiday list, and he writes "The Book of the Blue Sea." The activity by sea of 1805 and the excitement of Trafalgar are excellently told by one who has deservedly made a reputation, both in prose and poetry, as a writer of the sea. Though Lang has his official successor, there have come to our desk four reprints of the series which he conducted for so long—"The Red Book of Heroes," "The Olive Fairy Book," "The Crimson Fairy Book," and "The All Sorts of Story Book." No more welcome reprint could have been decided upon than Noah Brooks's "The Boy Emigrant" (Scribner), a tale of excellent character, full of good writing and healthy national spirit. This story is nearly fifty years old; it was one of the earliest serials in *St. Nicholas,* and time has robbed it of none of its freshness. H. T. Dunn, after the manner of Pyle and Wyeth, has painted a series of pictures which bring out all the poetry and excitement of the text. Another favorite we cordially welcome is Mrs. Molesworth's "The Cuckoo Clock" (Lippincott), though we think it unfortunate that Maria L. Kirk's color plates are not more in accord with the old-fashioned quality of the story itself. Incidentally we can recommend other volumes in this Stories All Children Love series, published by the Lippincotts. Joel Chandler Harris is always a splendid gift, especially when "Uncle Remus" is in question. Houghton Mifflin, in their Visitors editions, have included "Uncle Remus and His Friends," illustrated

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with views of the author's home in Atlanta, and of Snap Bean Farm.

There is a plentiful amount of material in the field of biography this season. Particularly notable is a collection under the title, "More than Conquerors" (Century), by Ariadne Gilbert, which in straightforward and pungent style records the careers of such men as Scott, Lamb, Emerson, Phillips Brooks, Thackeray, and Edwin Booth. We have not met with a more agreeable series of sketches in a long while, and we feel assured that the volume will be welcomed as a distinctive supplementary reader in schools. Oliver Clay's "The Treasure Finders" (Duffield), is also a collective series of adventures of four centuries, telling in accurate manner how explorers from Lief Ericson to Hudson opened up a new world to England, France, Spain, and Holland. As a gift-book for a boy old enough to take an intelligent interest in his country's history, nothing more suitable can be imagined than Frederick Trevor Hill's "Washington, the Man of Action" (Appleton), illustrated in old-fashioned style, appropriate to the subject, by the Comte de Breville ("Job"). "Helmet and Cowl" is the title of a volume of attractive make-up and illustration, by W. M. and M. F. S. Letts (Stokes). It tells the stories of some of the early saints and of the knightly orders of the Middle Ages. John Esquemeling's "The Buccaneers of America, or the Pirates of Panama, a True Account of the Famous Adventures and Daring Deeds of Sir Henry Morgan and Other Notorious Freebooters of the Spanish Main" has been edited and illustrated as a gift-book by George Alfred Williams, and published by Stokes.

A splendid intention dominates "When They Were Children" (Stokes), Amy Steedman's recounting of the childhood of famous men and women. She deals with forty-five heroes and heroines, from Saint Augustine to Stevenson, from Saint Catherine to Louisa Alcott. H. E. Marshall's "Boy Kings and Girl Queens" (Stokes) is of similar design, and seems to us a delightful way of learning history.

Helen Ward Banks's "The Boys' Motley" (Stokes) is a version for young readers of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." A very rich and sumptuous volume, with poorly reproduced color plates by Walter Crane, is Mary McGregor's "The Story of Greece" (Stokes). This will prove an excellent foundation for nursery stories, and we recommend its use at an early age, for our classical knowledge is being sorely neglected. Still another book of classical stories for children that we can recommend is Hilda Johnstone's "Stories of Greece and Rome" (Longmans). The tales of Greece, with one exception, recount in simple but spirited language the main incidents of the epic of Troy; those of Rome take up the story with the escape of Æneas, and carry the legend of early Rome to the expulsion of Tarquin and the defence of the Tiber bridge by Horatius.

A nice little set of individual biographies, under the general head of "Heroes of All Time," has been imported by the Stokes. We have before us René Francis's "Augustus," Ada Russell's "Alexander the Great," A. E. McKilliam's "Alfred the Great," E. M. W. Buxton's "Jeanne D'Arc," and Beatrice Marshall's "Sir Walter Raleigh." The cheap cover design is by no means indicative of the worth of the contents. Other volumes will be added to the series.

There is not a year when we can say that the field of fairy tale and legend is neglected by the publishers. In fact, though it would seem that education is ignoring imagination, the yule-tide books bring forth material enough to rejuvenate the most matter-of-fact school-board curriculum. Such a volume as Janet M. Clark's "Legends of King Arthur and His Knights" (Dutton), though not as spirited as Howard Pyle's narratives, will nevertheless supplement whatever casual mention is made of the Round Table in the nursery. The present author knows her Mallory and Tennyson, but she has caught none of the chivalric tone of either. In *format* the book is done in the regular Nister fashion.

Jeremiah Curtin's posthumous "Fairy Tales of Eastern Europe" (McBride, Nast), has an explanatory introduction by J. Walker McSpadden. The author was the translator of "Quo Vadis," and in the present instance the new volume indicates that he was a very worthy collector of folk-lore from Russia, Hungary, Bohemia, and Servia. Houghton Mifflin are the publishers of "Black Tales for White Children," gathered by Capt. C. H. Stigend and his wife, from Swahili.

Louey Chisholm's "In Fairyland" (Putnam) is the usual retelling of our old favorites, to accord with the author's theories regarding how much children can understand, and how strong they can stand it. We always turn to the retelling of "Little Red Riding Hood," and frown if it has been mildly modified. We are frowning! Penrhyn W. Coussens, in his "The Diamond Story Book" (Duffield), vies with Lang's series. The sources of the tales are varied, and indicate that the editor has searched systematically for what he considers to be the best. A volume of fairy stories somehow reminiscent of Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill," but more poetic in coloring, if narratively less interesting, and thoroughly modern, is Margaret L. Woods's "Come Unto These Yellow Sands" (Lane).

In passing, let us call attention to the "Arthur Rackham Book of Pictures," issued by the Century Company, with a sympathetic introduction by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. All of the plates are not intended for the nursery, but the interpretation of some of the fairy tales is very dainty. Similarly the full humor of text and illustration in E. Boyd Smith's "The Early Life of Mr. Man" (Houghton Mifflin) appeals rather to maturity than to infancy, and promoters of "sex instruction" will certainly pick a quarrel with Mr. Smith for perpetuating in his text the legend of the stork and in his illustration that of the cabbage patch. Nevertheless, the really rollicking humor of the pictures will be appreciated by all the seven ages of "Mr. Man." This is a book that it would be good fun to expound to an intelligent child. Cecil Aldin's animals have almost become a regular feature of the holiday publishing season. This year's contribution is the "Bobtail Puppy Book" (Hodder & Stoughton).

In "The Book of Friendly Giants" we have Eunice Fuller's defence of giants, and she puts up a good case, especially convincing after we see how a real giant behaves when he takes a little tenement boy to Central Park, and does not even step on a single soul as they go up the Avenue together. Many of the tales in this volume are drawn from foreign sources, and they are accompanied by some excellent drawings by Pamela Colman Smith.

Science

A FASCINATING STUDY OF PLANTS.

Physiological Plant-Anatomy. By Dr. G. Haberlandt. Translated from the fourth German edition by Montague Drummond. New York: Macmillan & Co. $6.50 net.

A pioneer who has opened a new domain, and has seen it occupied promptly by those who have recognized its possibilities, must take much satisfaction as he reviews his early work. This satisfaction must be all the greater if he has welcomed the newcomers in a kindly spirit, and has never regarded them as intruders. Professor Haberlandt began his work as a pioneer in 1881, and published a summary of his early results in 1884, in a treatise which has now reached its fourth edition. During the intervening thirty years he has continued his fruitful activity by the side of those who have been led by his example to explore this new field of investigation. The field is that along the border between Plant-anatomy and Plant-physiology, which, like all borders, had been sadly neglected. There is apt to be much waste land near the fences, which richly repays cultivation. Professor Haberlandt has made this land his own.

The English translation is accurate and readable. The translator has succeeded in the difficult task of preserving the style of the original, which is chatty, confidential, and very attractive. But, owing to the fact that the treatise is primarily designed for advanced students, extremely technical terms are employed even at the outset, which may cause difficulties for the general reader. The author plunges directly into his subject, and assumes that the layman must make use of the index and the dictionary. The translator had to follow copy: perhaps a French translator would have preferred to give suggestive and explanatory equivalents.

The author faces boldly the fact that since "any particular physiological function appears to the observer to be the aim and object of the correlated structural features, every demonstration of a connection between structure anl function naturally assumes a teleological aspect." But, as Professor Haberlandt well says, the value of a teleological explanation depends entirely upon the philosophical attitude of the author, and, further, all the phenomena with which the physiological anatomist is concerned partake of the nature of useful adaptation. But though it is impossible to deny the actual existence of purposeful adaptations, physiological anatomy, which describes the adaptive features of the internal structure of plants, is incapable of explaining their origin, and "indeed does not profess to do so." In this branch of science an experimental method must be employed, although it is subject to severe limitations. Like the comparative method, it is of very great value, but it also has its weak

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points. Haberlandt has endeavored throughout to maintain a judicial attitude.

After a brief but satisfactory description of the vegetable cells and tissues, the author considers the special tissues involved in the growth of parts, and thus prepares the way for minute treatment of the many systems in the plant. These systems he presents under the following heads: (1) Dermal, all exterior parts, which are protective; (2) Mechanical, including all contrivances for imparting stability and strength; (3) Absorbing, comprising the avenues for procuring income; (4) Photosynthetic, comprehending the apparatus for utilizing the influence of light upon the manufacture of organic matter; (5) Conducting, for effecting transfer of raw materials and of elaborated products; (6) Storage, the treasuries of food and the like; (7) Aerating and ventilating, for promoting the entrance and movements of gases; (8) Secretory and excretory, embracing the glands and certain reservoirs; (9) Motor, effecting the transfer of the whole plant or of its parts; (10) Sensory, under which the movements of plants in response to stimuli are treated; (11) Stimulus-transmitting, the system by which a stimulus is made active at a point remote from its origin. There is not one of these systems which does not possess attractiveness, when considered in connection with its activities. Even the general reader will find it well worth his while to examine the text even if he is obliged to search for definitions of the many technical terms. In the chapter devoted to the dermal system he will come upon a host of interesting adaptations by which plants are enabled to resist untoward influences, especially of drought, and he will find also a fascinating account of certain means by which some plants defend themselves against their animal foes. And here fresh information is presented. For instance, we are told that the irritant substance which is characteristic of the stinging hair of the nettle is not formic acid, as is generally supposed, but is an albuminoid substance, held in solution in the cell-sap, and in many respects resembling an enzyme (an unorganized "ferment"). This discovery opens up a new chapter in organic poisons. Another very interesting subject here considered is the healing of wounds and the regeneration of tissues after injury. In one case cited, the regenerated outer covering reproduces even the breathing-pores of the normal layer.

The chapter in which mechanical adaptations are discussed is not so exhaustive, of course, as the special treatise by Schwendener, but every engineer will see in it numerous examples of adaptation in plants which satisfy all demands for economy of material. Strength is obtained with the least expenditure of material, and many of the instances can be best described in the language of mechanical engineering. Besides these illustrations of adaptations to obtain stability, there are given in this chapter certain cases of structures for climbing and fixation, which are partly novel, and all of which are interesting. Among the curious hairs which play a secondary rôle may be mentioned the "eel-trap" sort, by which the intruding insect is not only prevented from passing beyond a certain point, but is there securely entrapped and held.

As might be expected, the absorbing system in plants presents many interesting examples of adaptation. The water-absorbing hairs of certain foliage leaves are especially fitted to appropriate the dews which fall at night in the great deserts. The author holds that absorption of water takes place through these hairs, and never under normal conditions through the stomata (breathing-pores). In striking instances, the absorbing hairs form a felted surface on both sides of the leaves. But it is only those hairs which can be easily wetted which are capable of appropriating water.

The absorption of organic matter from decomposing substances and from living organisms is a topic which carries the author through a vast group of plants, in which the mechanism varies extremely, but is always characterized by efficiency. And he devotes attention also to the curious relation of the embryo in the higher plants to the food-materials stored within reach, which the embryo must take in the same manner as the plants just mentioned. This range of adaptations is surprisingly extensive.

In the chapter devoted to the relations of plants to light, and its action in the production of organic matter, the author has brought within a narrow compass the extraordinary story of some of the most remarkable adaptations in all nature. The shapes and arrangement of the cells constituting the apparatus by which all the food on the earth is directly or indirectly produced, are well described, and the maximum exposure of the working parts to light is clearly shown. The devices by which the manufactured products are taken away from the constructive machinery, and thus all clogging is prevented, are referred to in so plain a way that any intelligent observer can verify the principal statements by examining our common plants. The conducting system brings up certain puzzling questions which the author states fairly and explains as well as is possible in the present state of the science; but it is surprising that so many of these questions remain almost unanswered. The storage and ventilating systems are far better understood, and the account of these will be found very satisfactory. All the adaptations are interesting, and form, when taken by themselves, a fascinating chapter in the life-history of plants. The author has dealt as fully with the secretory and excretory systems as the ascertained facts warrant, but he is obliged to leave without answer a good many queries which naturally arise. Of course, he dwells upon the protective and attractive features of the side-products, but he confines himself to the vegetative organs, and leaves out of treatment the matters of floral perfume and color. The relations of the flower are not regarded to any extent in the present treatise: it is confined to the vegetative organs alone, except as relates to the movements of certain parts of the flower, and the dissemination of certain seeds and fruits.

Professor Haberlandt's study of the sensory system brings out a good many startling facts, particularly with reference to the profound influence which certain solid contents of the cell, in definite cases, have upon the power of motion. The author describes clearly and without any exaggeration the so-called optical-sense organs of foliage leaves. All of this will be found by even the most casual reader of profound interest. The translator's use of the words "flying-hairs and flying-tissues," to denote the appendages by which certain separated parts of the plant are aided in flight by the winds, is perhaps justifiable, but it is a trifle misleading. However, it is difficult to find better terms for these mechanisms. The author has a supplementary chapter on anatomy, in which he discusses secondary growths and the like, and this chapter closes the work. Without copious extracts from the pages, it is impossible to convey any idea of the attractive treatment of this fascinating subject.

Prof. Thomas Hunt Morgan has succeeded in presenting the difficult subjects which he treats in "Heredity and Sex" (Columbia University Press; $1.75 net) in a way that will command the gratitude of the specialist, and, at the same time, will be intelligible, or almost intelligible, to the general reader. The latter individual may miss the significance of many of the details, and probably will be confused by the complexity of some of the diagrams in which the book abounds, but he can hardly fail to grasp the main facts, for the author has the gift of presentation and a sprightly, attractive style. Probably every intelligent person has given some thought at times to the question of sex, and has wondered regarding the conditions that determine whether any given being becomes a male or a female of the species. Hypotheses by scientific men have been numerous, and, for the most part, worthless, and it is a matter for congratulation that at last a proximate solution of the problem has been furnished mainly by American zoölogists. Morgan gives in this book a clear account of the internal mechanism in the egg and the sperm-cell through which the sex of the fertilized ovum is determined, and applies this mechanism in the light of the Mendelian principles of heredity to the explanation of the inheritance of so-called sex-limited or, rather, sex-linked characteristics, such as color-blindness and hemophilia in man. In this latter application he is able to make much use of his own well-known and brilliant experiments upon fruit flies (Drosophila ampelophila). Variations that develop spontaneously in one sex of these animals he is able to transmit by suitable mating in a predictable manner to the male and female offspring. The accuracy with which those results may be obtained seems to justify the author's conclusion that "an internal mechanism exists by which sex is determined," and that the older theories, according to which sex is or may be conditioned by external conditions, must be abandoned.

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Drama

THE DRAMA LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

The Drama League of America, now in its fifth year of activity, was founded for a definite purpose and has pursued it with such consistent and contagious vigor that its membership in the United States is more than a hundred thousand persons, and much praiseworthy work of a constructive character has been accomplished. That membership, composed not only of individuals who join as such, but also of schools, colleges, libraries, and clubs innumerable, is unified by certain ideas not hitherto held concerning the drama and the theatre in relation to the general life of the community.

This attitude on the part of the League towards the play and the playhouse involves, first, a belief that the drama in our time is fast becoming an appreciable and important part of literature, its representatives in the English-speaking lands and on the Continent now embracing many of the most distinguished writers of the day. After a generation of dominance, fiction is beginning to have a rival in this other form of story-telling, that of the stage. And because of this coming of the drama once more into serious regard—recalling in some measure those periods of the past when the chief literary glories of Spain, or France, or England were associated with the stage—the theatre becomes an institution to be reckoned with as a cultural opportunity. The Drama League, believing that a right use of the playhouse can minister to civilization, if only the amusement it offers be rational, sound, and of value as art and interpretation of life, is doing what it can by the emphasis of concerted action to encourage good plays, of all sorts and descriptions, only asking that they make an appeal to intelligent theatre-goers.

And closely associated with the thought that the theatre can (and therefore should) be an asset in the national civilization, goes a democratic ideal, the League's contribution to social service, that shibboleth of our time. The theatre, in nature and origin, is a great people's institution, a kind of forum of the emotions of mankind. It is the most widely appealing and influential of all the forms of story-telling, and of amusements; its democracy inheres in these facts. Hence, anything done to make it clean, artistically attractive, mentally and emotionally stimulating in the best sense, is directly a service to the public which attends the various theatrical offerings in almost inconceivable hordes. Of the motion-picture houses alone, there are 22,000 in this country. Allowing an attendance of 1,000 a day to each house—which is a fair estimate—we see that 22,000,000 folk attend this kind of entertainment daily in the United States.

Already it is beginning to dawn on the thoughtful few, at least, that with an institution so influential as this, so capable of popular instruction, it may perhaps be wise for city or State to have a hand in controlling or directing such an amusement; or, in lieu of such action, for enlightened individuals consciously to band themselves together in the way of assistance. The late William T. Stead, who was of strict non-conformist stock, never entered a theatre until he was well past fifty. After witnessing his first performance, he declared in an article in his magazine that the theatre should be supported by the people through taxation. Coming freshly to the problem, realizing what the drama could do, he saw the matter in its true significance as the jaded habitué could not.

With these ideas underlying its organization, the League devotes its attention to the play-goer because of the firm conviction that if he be trained gradually to know and demand good plays, the plays will be forthcoming. Desirous to help all concerned—players, playwrights, and managers, as well as the theatre-going public—it puts its central work, as I said, upon the auditor, believing that he can in turn affect all the others: is, indeed, the one great ultimate tribunal in the welfare of the drama. And in so far as it can, the League would wish to diminish the ignorant majority and increase the numbers of that honorable minority which is responsible to the things of the mind and the spirit when offered in the shape of a stage play.

To bring about these results, the League has elected a programme that it has steadily prosecuted. One thing it has refused to do: it indulges in no censure or attack upon bad drama; plays that are silly, negligible, or vicious it damns only by silence, preferring to draw attention to drama that is good. This is done primarily by the bulletin system, inaugurated in Chicago, the mother city of the movement, and now in familiar use in many of the thirty-six large cities where branches have been established. A play-going committee selects from the offerings of a given week the drama it deems most worth while, and a bulletin, giving succinctly the facts about the play and urging its patronage, is sent out to all local members—in cities like New York and Chicago amounting to many thousands. This bulletin, emanating from one of the centres, goes also to numerous suburban members. So successful has this plan been in operation that the manager of the bulletined play regularly assumes the expense of this circularization, which, for example, in the Chicago branch, amounts to about $160—a practical proof that he regards it as good advertising.

Of late, the League has undertaken, as a natural development of the bulletin idea in cities, to arrange for the support of a play which is regarded as worth helping and is about to be tried in the smaller towns. By the advance work of representatives of the League in such towns a guarantee is secured, so that the drama is seen in a circuit of towns which otherwise would have no chance of witnessing plays of that calibre, owing to the skepticism of the local manager, or the Laodicean attitude of the local public itself. This attempt to stimulate audiences in the smaller communities was sufficiently encouraging in the Middle West last season to suggest a promising field for the future in an important part of the League's work. Such an organization as the Irish Players, for example, was brought to a number of small towns by this League guarantee. As Mr. Winthrop Ames said at the fourth annual convention last spring, the problem of the small town and the "one-night stand" is more difficult than the city problem. The question whether any drama has actually been tided over probable failure by League support can be answered by citing Mr. Parker's "Disraeli," which was saved for a long and prosperous career by the prompt action of the Chicago branch when the play opened in that city.

Another activity in which the League has done much has to do with publication. It finances and conducts a quarterly, the *Drama*, devoted to the best interests of play and playhouse, and a special feature is the printing in each number of a complete play in English, whether translated or native, not before available in print. The so-called Drama League series of plays, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., in which eight volumes have appeared and which presents, in agreeable form and at a fraction of the price hitherto charged, representative drama, American, British, or foreign, is another enterprise. A series of study schemes and special pamphlets of great usefulness to individuals and for club courses are being issued at intervals, and a dozen or more can now be obtained. They are prepared by specialists, and the demand for them, coming from all parts of the country, runs into many thousands. Of peculiar value is the list of all books concerning the drama and the theatre; together with a list of all plays printed in English, whether native or foreign, compiled by Mr. Frank Choteau Brown, it meets a want not before supplied by any publication with such intelligent thoroughness.

The League, again, has a vigorous juvenile department, in which much specialized work has been done with the school children, one striking result of which was the Shakespeare Festival several years ago in Chicago, where thousands of the little ones enacted the master's plays on his birthday in April in the parks and open places of the city. Similar festivals have been given in New York and other cities. Splendid work has been done in the interests of the child in the playhouses in New York and Washington, sympathetically related in purpose, though not under League auspices. Let it be added that, as the movement has so rapidly grown, much fine work has been accomplished by societies affiliated or independent. The important thing is that all should work together and realize the advantage in the way of impressiveness and associated action of a large central organization.

These are a few of the main phases of the activity of the Drama League. Other ways of work will be undertaken in the future, many have been proposed, some

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chosen as practical and wise. All who would care to have a comprehensive statement of what the League is doing, has done, and hopes to do, can be recommended to the admirable pamphlet by Mrs. A. Starr Best, the former president of the League, in which she reviews the first three years of its life. Of great value, too, is the report of the Fourth Annual Convention in Philadelphia last April. Both these publications can be obtained from the League's headquarters, 736 Marquette Building, Chicago.

If our Little Theatres and New Theatres, and especially endowed repertory companies, represent the aristocratic tendency in the drama (a very good tendency, too, rightly understood), the Drama League represents the democratic ideal, to give people at large opportunity to witness drama that, while it amuses, also enlarges the mental horizon, and which is sound art, but at the same time does not neglect its mission as good recreation. To quote Matthew Arnold: "The theatre is irresistible. Organize the theatre."

RICHARD BURTON,
President of the Drama League of America.

"TWELFTH NIGHT."

"The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." These words of Shakespeare might be a fitting epitaph for many of the actor-managers who, since the days of Charles Kean, have sought to veil histrionic incapacity in a glare of spectacular glory. In the last century there has been an enormous development of the mechanical and decorative resources of the theatre, which has been accompanied, in the poetic drama at any rate, by an increasing irreverence for the text and, naturally enough, by a steady decadence in the art of acting. It is not necessary now to revive the old dispute whether or not the Elizabethan play is best presented in Elizabethan fashion, but it is obvious that where the play, and not its adornment, is the thing, the histrionic possibilities of the text become the vital object. To scenery, in the abstract, in the Elizabethan drama, there can be no valid objection. The Elizabethans themselves made such use of it as lay within their power. And it is clear that the scenery, when employed, should be of the best kind, appropriate, fit, and illusive, but, from the literary and artistic point of view, it becomes an unmitigated evil whenever it is permitted to dominate the play, or is made an excuse for mangling the text, and unduly modifying the action. The form of a classic drama is one of its essential characteristics. Any attempt to express it in modern terms is utterly unjustifiable. Not only is it inartistic, it is offering goods under false pretences.

Shakespeare has triumphed in the theatre in spite of all misrepresentation by poor players and pretentious charlatans. Among modern managers few have used him more disrespectfully than Sir Herbert Tree. An actor of moderate abilities except in eccentric comedy or melodrama, he has, in the great Shakespearean parts which he has assumed by virtue of his managerial prerogative, consistently offered gorgeous panorama as a recompense for histrionic deficiencies. And he has never hesitated—on purely artistic grounds, of course—to sacrifice the text to the exigencies of his spectacle. One of the latest specimens of his handiwork is the version of "Twelfth Night"—arranged in three acts instead of five as in the original—now to be seen in the Liberty Theatre. It is true that considerable ingenuity has been displayed in this remodelling. All the characters and essential incidents and a fair proportion of the lines are preserved, but localities are changed and scenes transposed to the great confusion and detriment of the action and the destruction of sequence. Personages come and go, as required, without reference to trifles like time or space, or such attention as Shakespeare paid to these details.

The task of designing the scenery to fit this arbitrary rearrangement has been entrusted to Joseph Urban, a prominent representative of the modern school of scene-painting, and it may be admitted readily that his sets are imaginative, rich in color, and pictorially effective. That they are peculiarly appropriate, or helpful, to the dramatic theme may be seriously questioned. Certain anomalies in them such as the flight of stone steps on the wild Illyrian beach, the impressionistic treatment of foliage and flowers, and some puzzling stone archways—neither promote illusion nor supplement the action. But allowance must be made, in common fairness, for the difficulties imposed upon the artist by the prescribed conditions. He has furnished handsome, spacious, and complete pictures, in which the ordinary absurdities of stage perspective are skilfully avoided. It is not altogether his fault if they are not always suitable to the occasion. The true responsibility rests with the London manager who hoped that an uninspired Malvolio might seem illuminated in the reflected brilliancy of his surroundings.

As a matter of fact the representation at the Liberty suffered more than it profited by the luxuriance of its environment. Yet it was, on the whole, taking all existing circumstances into consideration, meritorious. It was smooth, lively, and generally intelligent, though lacking in poetic and romantic atmosphere and the true flavor of the alternately quaint and robust Shakespearean humor. The Viola of Phyllis Neilson-Terry was an attractive but most uneven performance. This young actress, daughter of Edward Terry and Julia Neilson, scion of an old and illustrious theatrical family, comes with the prestige of London popularity and has been the subject of much perfervid journalistic praise. She is of a rare feminine type, tall, fair, slim, graceful, and charged with an electric vitality. Her face is bright with intelligence and girlish charm. Potent in personality, and evidently gifted with quick dramatic instinct, she is as yet in no sense a great or finished actress. Of Shakespeare's Viola she offers only rare glimpses. She comes nearest to that exquisite conception in her early scenes with Orsino, wherein, with fine natural intuition, she indicates her secret love and self-sacrificing devotion, with considerable subtlety and pretty maidenly shyness. But her passion is not very deep or moving at any time, while curiously intermittent. For the most part she is far too impulsive, restless, and volatile, betraying an animation and an exuberance of animal spirits which are gravely inconsistent with a state of tender melancholy. But she plays her scenes with Olivia with delightful archness and pleads her lord's cause with eloquent sincerity. Her assumption of the masculine air and swagger is excellent—in many ways she seems to be more suited to Rosalind than Viola—but in the duel with Aguecheek she abandons all pretence of virility and with it all the proper restraint of comedy. Here she follows the worst of bad precedents. The stupidity with which this scene is habitually mishandled is so crass as to be almost pathetic. As yet Miss Terry, who is very young, is a clever novice who obeys the promptings of impulse, not the laws of art. The best actor in the cast is Eben Plympton, whose Toby Belch is rightly conceived and firmly executed, only needing a little more liquorish unction to be wholly admirable. The Malvolio of Henry Dixey is capable and, but for occasional extravagance, sound. Other players do not require individual mention. But there is good stuff in them, and, if the forethought expended upon the scenery had been devoted to their instruction, the representation might have been thrice as satisfactory. J. R. T.

"THE GARDEN OF PARADISE."

Days approaching the Christmas season are an appropriate time in which to launch Mr. Edward Sheldon's dramatization of Hans Christian Andersen's story of "The Little Mermaid," which opened on Saturday at the Park Theatre. The sweetness and tenderness of this tale of the sea maiden who aspired to the love of a human king receive a particular sanction just now and can be looked at with a child's directness. Though, by the nature of the case, the spectacle gets perhaps more prominence than the drama proper—there being nine glowing scenes divided into three parts—Mr. Sheldon has succeeded in holding the dialogue strictly in accord with the original spirit of the story. In parts, indeed, the dramatic interest is asserted so well that one could wish that the author had had more room to himself. He shows the proper sort of imagination, which while pretty never becomes sophisticated and continues throughout to exhale the fairy presence upon which it essentially rests. In portions of the play, notably in the witch scenes and those in which the maiden, as page, ministers to the love of her lord, one sees the author striving for some of the exuberance of which Shakespeare in similar situations was master. But the imitation though conscious is never disagreeable. All things considered, Mr. Sheldon might well be content to exercise his talent in other fanciful pieces, instead of returning to the problem plays which have hitherto attracted him.

The cast was chosen with an eye to daintiness of effect. There were sweet girlish figures in abundance, and in the principal part Miss Emily Stevens was truly effective. The range of the part is of course not great, but she at least put the audience in sympathy with her pathetic ambitions, and those not familiar with the story were evidently much concerned, when her sojourn on land was drawing to an end, for fear that she would be forced to become a drudge of the witch who had helped her to human form.

Mr. Joseph Urban was responsible for the scene-painting, which, when the difficulties are considered, showed no little magnificence. The device of supporting wires unfortunately prevented an accurate simulation of swimming in the scenes under the sea, but this was an insurmountable difficulty. In other respects, truth to life, or rather to faëry, was well cared for. F.

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THE PRINCESS THEATRE.

Three very short plays and a miniature drama in four scenes with an ambitious setting make up the new programme at the theatre devoted to "thrills and laughter." The laughter was supplied in generous measure by George Ade's "Nettie," a mordant little skit of life not more than two minutes from Broadway, developing an idea that is far from new, but doing it with the characteristic satirical flip of Mr. Ade's humor. One is especially grateful for a certain quality of imagination or atmosphere in this little play. Mr. Ade resisted the temptation of effects that are called suggestive because they are really very obvious. But to have avoided coarseness would be only a negative merit. Mr. Ade has succeeded in imparting a universal quality to his easy lines and familiar types, so that it is precisely this inconsequential little play, out of the entire programme, which comes closest home to the spectator.

Imagination is the quality lacking in the other three plays. They strive for horror and the thrill in the most obvious way. In J. B. Larrie's "The Denial" the scene is the death house at Sing Sing just before an execution. The idea is not a bad one. The ruffian who is about to meet his just fate denies his identity to his own mother and sends her away consoled in the belief that her son was only the victim of the murder for which the penalty is about to be paid. But the characterization, the emotional situations, and the language are utterly commonplace and fatal to illusion of any kind. Whatever effects are obtained are merely the mechanical response to the exhibition of the machinery of death by order of the State.

A far better bit of work is Frederick Truesdell's "The Fog." It has plot, situation, suspense, even thrill and horror. A murder is performed before the eyes of the spectators. But once more there are effects by obvious means. The nerves are rasped rather than thrilled. Of the subtlety that creates the higher horror, there is little suggestion either in the development of the story or the dialogue.

"Across the Border," by Beulah Marie Dix, is a dramatization of the horrors of war with very obvious reference to things of the moment. The author's sincerity is unmistakable. The method employed is the now familiar dream effect. Between the opening scene in a beleaguered field outpost and the last scene in a field hospital we have two scenes "across the border," in a vaguely defined half-station between the present life and the Ultimate. The horrors and folly of war are elaborated with detail, but with no suggestion of original thought and in language that is particularly commonplace in the mouths of the mystic figures that inhabit the superterrestrial scenes. There is also a great deal of repetition. More effective than the spoken sermon are the scenes of pain in the field hospital; it is again a rasping of the nerves rather than a stimulation of the higher emotions, but it is effective nevertheless.

Of the players, Mr. Powell did exceptionally well in the principal rôle in "Across the Border," handicapped though he was by his commonplace lines. Mr. Holbrook Blinn, who appeared in three rôles, was best as the old rounder in George Ade's play. Mr. Edgard showed versatility in two such different rôles as the gilded youth of Broadway and the blasphemous Tommy of the hospital. S. S.

Music

A LOST ART.

One of the rare pleasures in Rome, not enjoyed by many tourists, is to attend mass or vespers at Sant' Anselmo, the chapel of the international congregation of Benedictines on the Aventine. Services are held at hours discouraging to the tourist, too soon after a hotel luncheon, and much too soon after a hotel breakfast, but if he will conform his moments to the event, take a long ride in the street-car, and climb the steeps of the Aventine, he will be amply repaid. He will hear the nearest approach on earth to celestial music, the pure Gregorian song, after which even the service in a French cathedral seems but an echo, while the tunes in most of our churches become tawdry and profane. The next step is to buy the *Liber Usualis Missæ* and the *Liber Antiphonarius pro Vesperis*, edited authoritatively by the monks of Solesmes, to accustom one's self to square and rhomboid notes, to *virga* and *punctum*, *flexa* and *quilisma*, and thus to follow the ritual with an ever-deepening relish. Then the liturgical manuscripts displayed in many a library abroad exert a new fascination. One notices at first the general similarity between the notation employed in the authoritative editions, and that in the splendid service-books of the fifteenth century. Then interesting differences appear. If older manuscripts are consulted, these differences become more and more pronounced; the clear, square forms of the later Middle Ages dwindle into dots and dashes and curves, stenographic and mysterious. What is the history of these signs, and did anybody ever understand them?

The science of musical palæography is not half a century old. Excluding a few isolated attempts to penetrate that *selva oscura*, we must give chief credit to the patient monks of Solesmes, who, since 1880, have written learned treatises, published facsimiles of manuscripts in their monumental "Paléographie Musicale," and edited a number of service-books containing both the Roman rite and the rites of different monastic orders. There now appears, in the series of reproductions of manuscripts issued by the Vatican Library, a remarkable work entitled "Monumenti Vaticani di Paleografia Musicale." The author is the Rev. Henry Marriott Bannister, a priest of the English Church and an eminent authority on liturgics. Mr. Bannister has registered and described every manuscript in the Vatican that bears the faintest trace of a musical note. There are most careful descriptions of more than a thousand manuscripts, and excellent reproductions of more than two hundred of these. A scholarly introduction treats of the history of musical notation in the Middle Ages, and the forms and uses of the notes or neums. The forms of neums are set forth in special plates; two thousand varieties are presented, not in drawings, but by a difficult process skilfully executed, in photographs. There are also elaborate indices. The author informs us that his concern is with palæography rather than music, and he discreetly avoids matters of controversy in the latter subject.* For all that, his work is indispensable for the historian of music. It is the most important systematic and comprehensive treatment of musical notation in the Middle Ages that has yet appeared.

Neums probably developed, the musician may be indignant to know, from the accents of Greek grammar. The acute accent, called *virga*, represented a note higher than the preceding, the grave a note lower. This latter sign, which originally, like the Greek accent, was a line slanting downwards from left to right, was gradually reduced in length, eventually became a point, and hence is known as *punctum*. Its history is suggested in the diamond-shaped note which appears in the later square notation and which is simply the extremity of an oblique line. The circumflex denoted a high pitch succeeded by one lower. Both from the early forms of the note, ^ and ⌢ which represent an acute accent followed by a grave, and from its name *flexa*, we can trace its origin, not apparent in the modern symbol ♫, more nearly suggested in the square notation by ⁋ and obvious enough in the succession of forms presented in Mr. Bannister's plates.

From the two simple original elements and their modifications are developed by combination a variety of other forms. The *flexa* is one. Its opposite, the *pes*, represents a low succeeded by a higher note. The original form ✓ which is simply the union of the two accents, is often replaced by ✓. Sometimes also the top of the *virga* was adorned with a little cap, as in ✓ or ✓ from which form there easily grew the familiar sign of the square notation ⁘. There also developed a notation by points alone, whereby ⁖ would represent the *pes*. More complicated is the ascending run of three notes, *scandicus*, the descending run *climacus*, and what looks like a more elaborate variety of the former, *quilisma*. Then there are "liquescent" forms, which indicate the half vowel noticeable when a closed syllable ending in a liquid is carefully pronounced, as in *summus*, *il-lumina*. Since these liquescent forms occur in English manuscripts down into the fifteenth century, we may infer that the sloppy manner of pronouncing syllables to which we and our English cousins are addicted was not always in vogue in the British Isles.

An inspection of Mr. Bannister's plates is as interesting as a visit to a zoölogical museum. One can readily distinguish the different specimens, in which national characteristics are revealed as clearly as in architecture and script and personal appearance. French neums are fine and graceful, Italian are firm and clear; German neums, says Mr. Bannister, have a tendency to hori-

*He is not responsible, I am bound to say, for several categorical statements in the present paper.

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zontal rather than vertical enlargement, and ultimately develop a coarse variety known technically as "hob-nail." The classes once distinguished, we become interested in the growth of musical notation, seeing everywhere writ large, or small, the doctrine of evolution and the survival of the fittest. Consider the stroke, which originally denoted the very essence of the *virga*. After the pitch of the note was indicated by the position of the point on the staff, the stroke either served merely to connect or became an ignominious tail. In the modern method it regains something of its importance, for it bears the bars or flags which denote length. But its rank is reduced, none the less. The whole note, the most dignified of all, never permits its company. The point was the form destined, as the fittest, to survive, into which the original strokes of both accents were ultimately metamorphosed.

We query next how exactly pitch could be represented, seeing that the staff with four or more lines does not appear until the end of the twelfth century. The invention of a single line is sometimes attributed to Guido d'Arezzo about 1033, but there is evidence of its use a century before his time. Guido's innovation, and it was an important one, consisted in the addition of a second line. He used red for the *F* and yellow for the *C* line, made musical instruction far easier than before, and paved the way for the more elaborate staff of the later period. But we must observe, further, that though there is no actual evidence of lines before the tenth century, there are clear instances of diastematic notation, that is, the arrangement of notes at different heights, in the earliest known manuscripts. So obvious is this method in Italian books that Mr. Bannister thinks the scribes must have had in mind an imaginary line to guide them in transcribing, or actually drew a temporary one by snapping on the parchment a cord covered with dust. Although manuscripts with full musical notation are not found in great numbers before the tenth century, there is reason for suspecting that a careful system of arranging the notes at distinct intervals of pitch was an early Italian invention, and indeed may have been a feature of Pope Gregory's musical reforms.

At first, however, the teacher was more important than his chart. He would render the exact melody with the proper emphases. The singer learned from him and used the written notes merely as an aid to memory. The Gregorian chant, like the Homeric poems, was thus transmitted orally at first. The two centuries following its invention have left us no written records of its melodies, and only a few texts with neums have been found in manuscripts of the ninth century. The original notation may well have been rigorously diastematic, but the carelessness of scribes and the exigencies of writing the neums between narrow lines of text led to a frequent neglect of the proper intervals. Indeed, so frequent was this neglect that it became a method and flourished in certain places to the exclusion of the exact and original system. The latter is hailed as a welcome innovation by the monks of Corbie towards the end of the tenth century and gradually prevailed everywhere. By the twelfth century, Germany alone was clinging conscientiously to what perhaps seemed to its scribes the earlier way. Just so Bismarck patriotically defended as the *Nationalschrift* that species of debased Gothic cursive long since abandoned by the other countries of Europe. For Germany, whatever its improvements in the ethics of war, is palæographically cautious.

It is also a matter of debate whether duration of time can be expressed by neums. The monks of Solesmes declare emphatically that it cannot, but recent researches open large fields for conjecture on this subject. Particularly important evidence is found in an anonymous treatise on musical art in a Vatican manuscript of the eleventh century; the treatise itself, of course, may have been composed before that date. The author, after defining in a little catechism what *cantus* is, says explicitly:

> The elements composing the system derive their origin from pitch-accents and syllabic feet. The derivation from pitch-accents is shown in the use of acute and grave and circumflex. The derivation from syllabic feet is shown in the use of short and long.*

Here is a writer who has traced the neums to their accentual source, and who also declares that they deal with longs and shorts. He proceeds to expound his theory with careful detail and seeming coherence, and adds illustrative neums in the margin. The only trouble is to make out what he means. Is he, in the manner associated by the modern world with scholasticism, merely talking elaborate nonsense, or is it we who fail to understand good sense? Let us adopt the more courteous view. A closer examination of the neums suggests that their differing forms are not due to the idiosyncrasies of a scribe or a school, but denote differences in time. Thus the signs for long and short, — and ⏑, may appear in the composite neums. In the *pes*, for instance, the form ✓ may denote a long, low note succeeded by a short, high note, ✓ a short, low succeeded by a short, high, ✓ a short, low succeeded by a long, high. If this is so, many pleasing subtleties are possible in the elaborately composite forms.

This is why I have ventured in the title of this paper to refer to Gregorian music as a lost art, the splendor of which, like that of the mediæval stained glass, has vanished in our modern world. The invention of the square notation secured clearness and precision at the expense of many a delicate nuance. Mr. Bannister can show by examples in the manuscripts how various fine emphases indicated by the earlier neums disappear when the melody is done over into the square notation. With the enthusiasm which only an expert and a conservative can feel, he declares, "Vetus melius est." Let us hope that further investigation by him and others will throw more light upon this fascinating obscurity.

Meantime, one must wonder that the cordial encouragement given to Gregorian music by his Holiness the late Pope Pius X has produced so little effect. Fragments of Gregorian are admitted in Roman Catholic and other services, but flashy anthems and female quartets are also not unknown. One charm of the Gregorian chant is its antiquity. Like the words of the liturgy, with which it was intended to be indissolubly wedded, it carries the worshipper back along the centuries of an unbroken tradition. One of Mr. Bannister's plates gives the music of a Gradual found in a German manuscript of the tenth century, agreeing with that used in the Roman rite, but not known in Italian manuscripts earlier than the twelfth century. Did Italy borrow a German invention at that time? Hardly. Both records, as in numerous other cases presented by Mr. Bannister, derive from the same ultimate source, which, as research tends more and more clearly to show, may well have been the elaborate musical liturgy devised by Pope Gregory the Great.

But another charm of the Gregorian chant is its amazing variety. At first one may find that it all sounds alike, as great music generally does to the uninitiate, but soon the fine shadings appear. Certain melodies are constant, though variously rendered, and are greeted each time as old friends. But every Sunday and Feast Day has its appropriate offices with appropriate music for each. Uniformity in variety; that is the essence of great art everywhere, and that is the essence of Gregorian music. Its melodies sounded in their magnificent simplicity and pleasing complexity through the Middle Ages, and may not be wholly lost even today for him who has ears to hear.

E. K. Rand.

*Ortus quoque suus atque compositio ex accentibus toni et ex pedibus sillabarum ostenditur. Ex accentibus uero toni demonstratur in acuto et graui et circumflexo, ex pedibus denique sillabarum ostenditur in breui et longa.

Queen Alexandra and a large party occupied the royal box at Covent Garden when a performance was given in aid of the artistic profession. It resulted in a profit of nearly $7,500. The chief musical feature of the performance was the first stage performance in English of "Phœbus and Pan," by the German, Bach. An appropriate and inspiriting addition to the concert was the "Fanfare" written for the Delhi Durbar of 1903 by Sir Charles Stanford. It was played by the trumpeters of the First Life Guards, under Lieut. George Miller.

"That the public welcomes the distraction offered by music from the one momentous issue was proved by the enormous audience at Queen's Hall on the day on which the news of the fall of Antwerp came through," says the London *Musical Record*. "It is true that it was a Saturday, and that the programme contained that ever-potent attraction, the 'Peer Gynt' Suite; but the fact, for all that, was not without significance in showing the trend of opinion as regards the necessity of 'carrying on' as usual."

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Finance

REOPENING THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The opening of the New York Stock Exchange on Saturday ended the longest period of suspended trading in the history of the institution. In the panic of 1873 the Exchange closed its doors for ten consecutive days, an incident unparalleled until last summer; they have been closed on this present occasion during four consecutive months, lacking three days. On the day of Germany's ultimatum, July 31, following the example of the London Stock Exchange, practically every institution of the kind in the world which had not already suspended business simultaneously took such action. Business was tentatively resumed on the Stock Exchanges of Chicago, New Orleans, Cleveland, and Toledo on Monday of last week; it was resumed at Philadelphia and Washington on Monday, and at Pittsburgh on Wednesday. Neither at London nor at Paris has the Stock Exchange yet reopened; but Paris has fixed December 7 for resumption of cash transactions, and London is discussing similar action around the beginning of January.

This reopening of the exchanges, as every one is aware, does not mean resumption of trading on the basis of normal times. The transactions authorized by the New York Stock Exchange, which began on Saturday, were in bonds only; trading in stocks was forbidden. Furthermore, a "minimum price" had been fixed for every bond by the committee, below which no sales were to be permitted; that price ranging from the actual final price of July 30 (or a trifle higher in two or three bonds) to a level 7 points below the quotation of that day. The variations in these permitted minimum prices were governed chiefly by the course of prices in private transactions among banking houses and investors during the four past months. It is clearly understood that the question of altering or removing the arbitrary minimum (which has already been dispensed with, in the case of State and city bonds), and the question of re-admitting stocks to trading on the floor of the Exchange, will be determined by the outcome of the present tentative resumption. With a view to fixing its policy in these directions, the Stock Exchange committee has required that all sales of bonds for foreign account must be so designated.

The purpose of these cautious restrictions is plain enough. They amount to recognition that the causes which led to the closing of the Stock Exchange on July 31 may possibly be still in operation, and that the present more or less experimental trading will test the question. Primarily, the Stock Exchange was closed, at the end of July, because the anticipated outbreak of war was believed to insure such an outpour upon our market of European holdings of American securities, at any price obtainable, as would utterly demoralize values and precipitate panic in the money market, where such securities were pledged, in enormous quantities, as security for loans on the basis of previous prices. Such a sequel was prevented through the withdrawal by the Exchange of all facilities for selling stocks or bonds at any price. The obvious problem now is whether the impending foreign liquidation, interrupted by the closing of the exchanges on July 31, will be resumed at their reopening—wholly, or partially, or not at all—and if it were to continue, how far its influence would be offset or modified by other influences.

The argument that European liquidation would not be resumed, on anything like the scale of last July, is chiefly based on the facts that the markets of the world were then in outright panic; that nobody knew what would happen on the credit markets, with the intricate relations of the great international money centres suddenly broken off; that, on the face of things, insolvency threatened powerful European houses with extensive international engagements, and that therefore the realizing on their investment holdings, wherever possible, was a peremptory necessity—whereas none of these conditions now exists. Protective and remedial measures of the most extensive scope have been adopted, with the support of Government, on every market of the world.

At London particularly, through the exceptional facilities offered by the Bank of England, the credit crisis has been definitely averted, and, through that institution's enormous accumulations of gold, the position has been safeguarded for the duration of the war. While the motives for the prodigious European selling of our securities in July have to this extent been removed, our own country's capital available for investment has been accumulating in the four months' suspension of the market for securities. To-day, moreover, even the facilities of credit have been greatly enlarged, through the introduction of the new banking system.

On the other hand, there has been in progress, since the beginning of the war, an absorption of capital into war loans on an unprecedented scale. The accepted estimates of the cost of the present war, to all belligerents, run close to $50,000,000 daily, and sooner or later the enormous total amount thus expended must be drawn from European investment funds. Such a demand would naturally raise the price of investment capital the world over, and that movement would ordinarily be reflected in lower prices for investment securities already outstanding. This is the real problem which overhangs the market, in the present tentative resumption of Stock Exchange operations. It will not be solved immediately. The trading in bonds on Saturday was conducted, as a rule, at prices not only slightly above the "official minimum," but not very far from the closing quotations of July 30. But naturally the process of determining how far a restricted market of the present sort tests the real character of the investment situation will be slow. The three important offsetting facts to keep in mind are that prices of securities had already been heavily reduced before the Stock Exchange shut down, in anticipation of these very conditions; that the whole world had in a sense been hoarding its accruing capital during the year before the war began, and that the rate of interest at which the strongest belligerent states have been placing their war loans has not yet reached any very abnormal level.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Egan, M. F. The Ivy Hedge. Benziger Bros. $1.35 net.
Ellis, Mrs. H. Love-Acre. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Foster, D. S. The Divided Medal. Franklin Book Co.
Gorky, M. Tales of Two Countries. B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.
Lawson, C. The Buried Ideal. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
Titterton, W. R. Me as a Model. Mitchell Kennerley.
Water, Van de, Virginia Terhune. In the Web of Life. Hearst's Int. Library Co. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Armstrong, D. B. The Boys' Book of Stamp Collecting. Stokes. $1.75 net.
Aydelotte, F. Materials for the Study of English Literature and Composition. Oxford University Press. 75 cents net.
Benson, A. B. The Old Norse Element in Swedish Romanticism. Lemcke & Buechner. $1 net.
Deming, A. G. Language Games for All Grades. Chicago: Beckly-Cardy Co.
Explorations and Field-Work of the Smithsonian Institution in 1913. Vol. LXIII, No. 8. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Grahame, K. The Golden Age. Lane. $3 net.
Hawkes, E. The Boy's Book of Astronomy. Stokes. $1.75 net.
Heyliger, Wm. Off Side. Appleton. $1.25 net.
In the Days of Old Series: Stories from Robin Hood. France. Rome. Scotland. Stokes. 75 cents net.
Johnstone, H. Stories of Greece and Rome. Longmans, Green. 75 cents net.
Letts, N. F. S. and W. Helmet and Cowl. Stokes. $2 net.
MacGregor, M. The Story of Greece. Stokes. $2.50 net.
Maps Relating to Virginia in the Virginia State Library and Other Departments of the Commonwealth. Compiled by Earl G. Swem. Vol. VII. Nos. 2 and 3. Richmond: Davis Bottom.
Marshall, H. E. Boy-Kings and Girl-Queens. Stokes. $1.75 net.
Miller, Alice]:. The Burglar and the Blizzard. Hearst's Int. Library Co. 50 cents net.
Moss, A. P. The Elf of the Orchard. Stokes. 50 cents net.
Porter, Wm. N. The Miscellany of a Japanese Priest. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bible Stories and Poems. From Creation to the Captivity. Endorsed by Union Bible Selections Committee.
Burgess, Wm. The World's Social Evil. Chicago: Saul Bros.
Harris, George. A Century's Change in Religion. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Jourdan, G. V. The Movement Towards Catholic Reform in the Early Sixteenth Century. Dutton. $2.50 net.
McCabe, Joseph. George Bernard Shaw. Mitchell Kennerley.
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